

THE IMPROVED
Boston
Garter

KNOWN AND
 WORN ALL OVER
 THE WORLD

The NAME is
 Stamped on Every Loop


The
Velvet Grip
 CUSHION
 BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg —
 Never slips, tears, nor
 unfastens


EVERY PAIR
 WARRANTED

OF YOUR DEALER
 or Sample Pair, Cotton 25c., Silk 60c., mailed on
 receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
ALWAYS EASY



VISIT OUR NEW



**UPHOLSTERY
 DEPARTMENT**

WHITNEY'S
 Temple Place and West Street
 BOSTON

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Boston, Mass.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director.

School Year opens September 19, 1907

No school in this country can contribute as much toward a musical education as the New England Conservatory of Music. A steady growth of over fifty years has made it rich in experience, and it is everywhere recognized as the largest and best equipped school in America. Its complete organization, its imposing Conservatory building and splendid equipment, and the new Residence building offer exceptional facilities for students. Situated in Boston, the acknowledged music center of America, it affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education.

Every department under special masters. The student's capacity sets the only limitation to his progress. The reciprocal relations established with Harvard University afford pupils special advantages for literary study.

Owing to the practical training of students in our Normal Department, graduates are in much demand as teachers and musicians. Practical Pianoforte Tuning Course in one year.

The privilege of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student. A number of free scholarships in the Violin Department will be granted for the coming year. For particulars and year book, address

RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

as
st
ry
al
a,
n.
ly
il-

es
se

le
le
rt-
ess

6

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME XXXVI. }

No. 3295 August 31, 1907.

{ FROM BEGINNING
Vol. COLIV. }

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|-------|--|-----|
| I. | Paris in 1851 and in 1907. By <i>Frederic Harrison</i> | 515 |
| | NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER | |
| II. | President Roosevelt and the Trusts. (Concluded) | 524 |
| | QUARTERLY REVIEW | |
| III. | The Enemy's Camp. Chapter XXIX. (To be continued) | 533 |
| | MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE | |
| IV. | The Eighteenth Century Entertainer. By <i>George A. Sinclair</i> | 538 |
| | GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE | |
| V. | A Lady of the Old Rebellion. In Three Chapters. Chapter I. By <i>Lydia Miller Mackay</i> | 544 |
| | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE | |
| VI. | The Electric Theory of Matter. By <i>W. A. Shenstone</i> | 553 |
| | CORNHILL MAGAZINE | |
| VII. | The Limitations of Humor | 560 |
| | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE | |
| VIII. | Fashion. By <i>John Galsworthy</i> | 566 |
| | NATION | |
| IX. | The Interview at Swinemunde | 568 |
| | ECONOMIST | |
| X. | Reform in Examinations | 570 |
| | SPECTATOR | |
| XI. | The Nightingale | 573 |
| | OUTLOOK | |
| | A PAGE OF VERSE | |
| XII. | Light and Shade. By <i>Walter Headlam</i> | 514 |
| | SATURDAY REVIEW | |
| XIII. | Revenant. By <i>Rosamund Marriott Watson</i> | 514 |
| | PALL MALL MAGAZINE | |
| XIV. | Summer in Spring. By <i>Arthur Symonds</i> | 514 |
| | BOOKS AND AUTHORS | 575 |



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

I know a street in Seville town
 Built with such height of storied
 walls
 That all day, though the sun looks
 down,
 Scarcely one streak of sunlight falls.

Yet strangely even the shadow seems
 Glad with light-penetrated air;
 Asleep, but lit with shining dreams,—
 Dark, but yet sure the sun is there.

Gazing I stood:—the passers-by
 Glanced, wondering what I mused
 apart:—

They guessed, maybe, the painter's eye,
 But ah, guessed not the lover's heart!

Far on that opening all might bend
 Their gaze; but only I could tell
 How lovely at the long street's end
 Bright out of heaven the sunlight
 fell.

Walter Headlam.

The Saturday Review.

REVENANT.

The old house is so full of memories,
 Of memories how far fairer than we
 knew!...

Dim dreams stay brooding in its garden-trees,

Like migrant birds whose homing-time is due.

The old house was so full of joy and grief,

Of beaconing hopes, of cold, half-imagined fears;

Was ever harvested so strange a sheaf,
 Golden with gladness, dun and gray
 with tears?

How fair those haunts on mist-veiled summer dawns,

The lilac hedge, the lupins' spires of blue,

The old embowering trees that shrined the lawns,

The dark recesses of the cloistered yew!

And still my pilgrim thoughts go wandering—

I pass the sentinel cypress by the door,

I mount the stairway to the western wing

Where the late sun-rays lie along the floor.

From that wide chamber where the last rays fall

Through latticed casements hung with clustering vine,

And glimmer like gold water on the wall,

There, as of old, I watch the sunset shine.

O glad new dwellers by our ancient hearth,

Who come and go where once we came and went,

Yours is the fruitage of the orchard-garth,

The rich dark roses and the jasmine scent.

You will not grudge my visiting spirit place

About the rooms—along the misty grass. . .

Even though some glimpse betray me—of your grace

Unnamed, unchidden, let the poor ghost pass.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

SUMMER IN SPRING.

When summer, come before its hour,
 With heady draughts of ripe July
 Drugs the wild April, young in flower,
 And suns reel drunken in the sky;

These lovely useless London days
 In which the sunshine, warm in vain,
 Is thickened into hateful haze
 Or split upon the streets like rain:

To think how, far on fields of green,
 The winds are happy in the grass,
 And the first bees begin to glean
 The honey of the hours that pass!

Arthur Symonds.

PARIS IN 1851 AND IN 1907.

My first knowledge of Paris was in the summer of 1851, in the days of the Second Republic, and during a visit to that city in May and June last I was again struck by all the changes and contrasts in the aspect of things that fifty-six eventful years had brought about. It happened that on my way to Switzerland I was detained in Paris by having to see to a troublesome case of fever in a member of my family; and, as I was myself in practical quarantine and debarred from the society of my friends, I had to occupy my leisure in strolling about the streets, meditating on the enormous developments and ravages of half a century, giving a new study to all the museums, galleries, public institutions, and other "sights" which I fondly supposed I had exhausted twenty or thirty years ago. For some weeks I was just the "man in the street," the tourist freshly arrived in the "Ville Lamière"—"doing its shows" as if for the first time, a travelling Rip Van Winkle wondering at the new world upon which he had alighted.

I call it a "new world" because, although I first knew Paris in 1851, have visited it almost every year since, have lived in French families, made constant studies in its museums, and indeed twenty-one years ago had "personally conducted" a large party from Newton Hall who spent a week there in June 1886, I had never quite realized the vast changes, additions, and improvements which twenty or thirty years have brought. Men long past middle life are loth to make a fresh study of a city they believe they know thoroughly; and at that age anything like "sightseeing" is apt to be looked

on as a folly and a nuisance. An irksome chance compelled me to undergo that *corvée* once more. And I can assure my contemporaries that unless they will keep up to date their knowledge of the topography, idiosyncrasies, and art treasures of Paris they will miss a great deal which is well worth knowing as well as seeing.

I had been often in France and had lived in French provincial families in the later years of Louis Philippe, so that when I came to Paris in 1851 I was quite at home with the people, the country, and the language. Looking back over the fifty-six years since then, one is amazed by the enormous work of destruction and reconstruction which the third emperor completed, or left as a ruinous legacy to the third Republic to complete. In half a century the *Haussmannisation de Paris* has made a spectacle of transformation greater perhaps than that of any city on this side of the Atlantic. Paris in 1851, at least within the inner boulevards, was substantially what Napoleon the First had made it or had designed to make it. The old boulevards looked to be what they were—the sites of the demolished ramparts of the city and fosse—shady with trees and broken into different architectural forms. None of the newer boulevards had been thought of—Strasbourg, Sebastopol, St. Michel, Haussmann, Magenta, Raspail, Malesherbes, Mont-Parnasse. I have seen them all in the making, and so too the Avenue de l'Opéra, de Breteuil, Kléber, Victor Hugo, and scores of others, with at least one hundred great streets cutting through the tortuous old city as if by volleys of cannon balls.

Strolling about the city the other

day I tried to conjure up again a vision of the city as I saw it in 1851—within the old boulevards a network of narrow, winding streets such as we see still round the Rue du Temple on one side of the river or about the Rue de Seine on the other, the Rue de Rivoli not yet rebuilt beyond the Louvre, the old historic houses once inhabited by men famous in history, literature, and art, the quiet corners with traces of feudal castles, splendid monasteries, and Gothic churches, gray and crumbling with incrustated saints and angels. I remember Notre-Dame still buried amid old buildings and its magnificent façade in its antique carving yet unpolluted by the sacrilegious hand of the restorer. The Cité on the island was still what it had been for five or six centuries, a maze of old tenements and labyrinthine streets. And the inner bulk of the city looked as it had looked all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries down to the Revolution. How little of this remains to-day! Old mansions, historic churches, picturesque streets, and sleepy impasses are all gone. Broad geometric avenues, roaring with huge motor and tram cars, have torn their path through them and swept the old remnants into oblivion.

Was this marvellous change a gain or a disaster? Thousands of rare specimens of medieval work, scenes of many centuries of stirring events, street vistas, towers, and gables, dear to generations of etchers—all have gone and left not a wrack behind. A huge transformation of old Paris was inevitable if Paris was to remain the heart of modern France. In 1851 the population was about one million; with the new suburbs, it is now almost three millions. This vast number could not be permanently cribbed and cabined in its old medieval labyrinth. New lines of transit had to be made. We may

accept the new outer boulevards, the avenues, and broad streets outside the *enceinte* of the eighteenth century. But nothing will reconcile me to the wanton destruction caused by the Boulevard St.-Germain, the annihilation of the island Cité, and the pompous extravagance of the Avenue de l'Opéra. The Opera and its Avenue were one of the worst offences of the Empire—a monument of tasteless and insolent luxury. And the unfinished Boulevard Raspail is one of the evil examples of the mania for reconstruction and waste without real overriding necessity.

It is notorious that under the Empire the reconstruction of Paris was to a great extent a political and social device, and even more a corrupt speculation, a financial gamble. Paris, no doubt, had to be entirely revised. But it ought to have been done with one third less of cost and half the destruction. In the result the municipal taxation has run up to the terrible amount of something like 4*l.* 10*s.* per head. Underground railways, tram-roads, motor omnibus, motor-cycles, automobiles, and every mode of conveyance do not suffice to supply the ever increasing traffic, while they have made Paris the most difficult and dangerous of cities to the unwary man on foot. As these vast Noah's arks roar and thunder down steep and narrow streets, as a thousand motors tear about the broad Avenues and Places, as *taximètres* and cycles race round corners without warning, one needs a pair of eyes at the back of one's head and an eye over each ear as well as under the brow. But when all is said, it cannot be denied that the brilliant aspect of modern Paris is a perennial source of its wealth. And, though I see little beauty in the Opera or the Grand Palais, I am bound to confess that the scene from the Hôtel de Ville to the Arc de l'Etoile offers far the

most resplendent prospect that any city has ever produced since the Rome of the Antonines.

The point to which I seek to draw attention is the immense additions to the National Museums of Paris made in recent years, and the opening of a number of newly acquired collections, many of them even since the Great Exhibition of 1900. Within a generation, to a great extent within the present century, the public museums have been so greatly reconstructed and enlarged, and so many new museums have been acquired, that the judicious lover of art may find much of his work to do over again. The Louvre itself has been entirely rearranged and enlarged, and has received by bequest and purchase a series of splendid acquisitions which amount to a new museum. The Greek antiquities from Delphi are now shown together in excellent reproductions which make one envy a Government that can spare the necessary funds for excavations of surpassing interest. Why is England the only nation which is deaf to such appeals?

The Louvre has, I think, grown in a generation faster than our own National Gallery and British Museum. The additions to the Greek and the Asiatic collections are of great extent and importance. The new galleries named after Thiers, Thomy-Thiery, Morgan, Rothschild, are all interesting and varied. The additions in the ground floor to the Medieval and Renaissance antiquities, the new Della Robbia Hall on the side of the Seine, the new Carpeaux Hall on the Rue de Rivoli side, would occupy a busy day to study; and fresh works come in each season by bequest, purchase, gift, or loan. The new specimens of early Italian fresco, panel, and canvas in the *Salle des Primitifs*, the reframing and re-arranging of the magnificent Rubens and Van-Dycks in the special

Galleries Van Dyck and Rubens are things which no traveller should fail to know, but which the tens of thousands who knew their Louvre ten or twenty years ago have never seen. The whole of the re-arrangement of the picture galleries into French, Italian, Dutch, and English Halls, with the cabinets round the Rubens Gallery, are an immense improvement on the unscientific hanging which delighted the tourist, or worried the student, a generation ago.

The Museum of the Louvre, uniting in one our National Gallery, British Museum, and South Kensington, is so vast—we are told that it occupies some two hours merely to walk through the galleries without stopping—that many an ordinary tourist sees little more than half. And those who have not visited it carefully since 1900 have much to learn. The Adolphe Rothschild bequest is a study in itself. And few but experts, one fears, climb the stairs of the second story and see the collection of the French modern schools—the Corots, Millets, Daubignys, Diaz, Decamps and Rousseaus, and the bequest of Thomy-Thiery in a gallery bearing his name (1902). It would be well worth any young painter's while to go to Paris simply to see these. If he would go from them to the Salon of the day, he would learn a lesson in the art of modern Decadence.

The Pavillon de Marsan—the North-Western angle of the Louvre, and the only part of it built under the Third Republic—now holds the Museum of Decorative Art; and at present it forms a distinct collection in the hands of a society, destined ultimately to pass to the State. Its paintings, sculptures, wood and ivory carvings, tapestry, enamels, medals, jewels, porcelain, engravings, and lace are too often overlooked in the multiplication of art museums which Paris now presents to

the tourist. Over and above the old State collections which every traveller believes that he knows, there are now added the wonderful Chinese and Japanese bronzes which M. Cernuschi bequeathed in 1895 to the City of Paris; the tapestries of the *Musée Galliera*; the Chinese and Japanese porcelains of the *Musée Guimet*; the house and designs of Gustave Moreau (1898); and the *Musée Victor-Hugo* in the Place des Vosges (1903), containing a remarkable store of works of art which testify how deeply the poet impressed his thought on the imagination of the nineteenth century.

Every tourist knows the Petit Palais, the Luxembourg gallery of modern art, the Cluny, and the beautiful Carnavalet Hôtel, the abode of Madame de Sévigné, with its immense collections of historic records of the City of Paris, its local and personal reminiscences. But few ordinary travellers realize the rate at which all of these are acquiring new works by bequest or purchase. Every time I visit them again I am struck by the growth. The Petit Palais (1902) is the property of the city, and is rapidly filling with modern paintings and sculptures. The Cluny and the Carnavalet have largely benefited by recent gifts, by the Rothschild family as well as from smaller collections. The Panthéon now has its wall decorations practically complete. Those of Puvis de Chavannes are admirable examples of true decorative art adapted to a classical building both in form and tone. Most of the others are noisy Academy pictures, theatrical in composition and strangely out of keeping with the building in which they stand. Nothing is worse than to thrust modern paintings on a cold semi-Roman fane. The Panthéon is not yet a success.

Over and above the permanent museums, Paris has a set of temporary exhibitions in the season which I found

an endless source of interest and study. The two great Salons in the Grand Palais with many thousands of pictures, statues, drawings, engravings, and gems—the portraits and manuscripts in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, the re-arranged documents in the *Archives Nationales*, in the grandiose Hôtel de Soubise, the portraits of modern women in the delicious Château de Bagatelle, just acquired by the City of Paris (1904). As one viewed the portraits of the beauties and *grandes dames* of the last Empire one could see here and there an aged but distinguished lady surrounded by her grandchildren, looking at herself as she had appeared in the fashions of forty and fifty years ago. She no doubt admitted that fashion has improved. The acquisition of the graceful little Château and its sweet English park in the Bois de Boulogne has been one of the best prizes of the Conseil Municipal.

When one passes from the permanent collections of former days to the huge collections of contemporary art, the soul sinks within one at the spectacle of universal degeneration. Painting, sculpture, porcelain, jewelry, all forms of decorative art testify to the same decline. And it is a decline stamped with one vicious craze which has poisoned genius and skill of hand. That craze is the passion to do something *new*; something which may attract attention; startle, even if it disgust the public. The curse on modern life—the thirst for the *new*, the rage to get out of the old skin—is the blight on our literature, our art, our drama, our manners—even our morals. It is a passion without aim, or conviction, or feeling—a mere restless itch to get free from old habits and to get into something uncommon, it hardly matters what, if only it can announce itself as “unconventional.” It is not to be beautiful—indeed the beautiful in any form is “conventional”—rather it

must be ugly, so long as the ugliness is unusual. It may be gross, absurd, horrible, obscene, tawdry, childish, so long as the older generations would have turned from it with anger or pain. If so, it is *l'art nouveau*.

One who remembers what French art was and has seen the Salons of the last fifty years must note a gradual descent. Not to speak of the painters and sculptors before the Third Empire, when one passes from the later French artists in the Louvre and the Luxembourg to the two Salons, what a contrast! What a fall! What a *pot-pourri*! Compare these contorted nudités, these bleeding ruffians, these acres of pantomime tableaux, with Ingres, Delacroix, Gérôme, Cabanel, Corot, Daubigny, Meissonier, Troyon, Millet, Pradier, Barye, Carpeaux—what a fall it is! No man of sense, of course, denies that there are still in France men who paint portraits full of life and color, landscapes of truth, and now and then even of charm, men who can model the human figure with complete mastery, and almost everything except grace. There is no lack of skill of hand, industry, ambition, even a kind of perverse originality, in this cosmopolitan crowd of men and women who shout to us from four thousand canvases and pedestals to look and see how clever they are.

We do not care to see how clever they are. We do not desire to see things which no painter ever yet ventured to paint, and no sculptor ever thought of modelling, and no public ever yet submitted to be shown. We want to have things beautiful to look on, things which recall to us exquisite visions of all that is fair, pure, harmonious on this earth. And they ply us with scenes which are meant to be repulsive, which aim at being ugly, foul, or grotesque. Their *baigneuses* and *odalisques* twist their naked bodies into shapes which are meant to com-

bine nastiness with queerness. Horses are painted of ultramarine hue; seas are colored vermillion; girls have lampblack on their cheeks. The painter says: "Take my word for it—I saw it so—we have no 'conventions' now." There is one convention indeed, so ancient, so necessary, so universal, that its deliberate defiance to-day may arouse the bile of the least squeamish of men and should make women withdraw at once.¹

There is no lack of pains, no want of cleverness, smart "brushwork" by the yard, and original ideas of the grosser type—the "model" standing, or sprawling, at ease and smoking a short pipe, a surgeon probing a patient's sore, the unmentionables of the dissecting room, of the rowdy studio, of the *Bouge-des-rats*—plenty of all this, provided it be at once novel and coarse. There are no doubt fine pictures, powerful heads, and pleasant *paysages* here and there on the interminable walls of canvas. But the impression left is that only one picture in a hundred seriously aims at giving us any sense of beauty, of delight in some unnoticed side of nature, harmonious blending of form and color. The direct aim of ninety-nine pictures is to make us stop to look—if possible to give us a shock—*épater le bourgeois*—to amuse the vicious, to brutalize the innocent.

There are still great portrait painters in France; but what mere tradesmen's advertisements are most of the portraits on these walls. Vulgarity, *pose*, money, and swagger reign supreme. One would think that the modistes of the Rue de la Paix pay for these portraits of Madame X., to show

¹ But I must veil my protest, as Gibbon says, in the obscurity of a learned tongue: *Tam in pictura quam in sculptura, secundum consuetudinem illam de veteribus traditam, mos erat ne pudenda muliebria veris formis nec veris coloribus monstrarent, sicut in natura videri possent. E contrario, pictores hodierni istas corporis femine partes nuda veritate depingere gaudent.*

what elegant "creations" their customers wear, what novelties in patterns and materials are now on view. The face of Madame X. seems a mere dummy, a clothes-horse, which the painter threw in gratis while he lavished his skill on robes, manteaux, laces, and jewels of which the shops hired him to make a sort of colored fashion-plate. It is difficult to imagine real ladies masquerading as mere lady-assistants in a smart show-room.

And the men—what gross, gluttonous, insolent "gold-bugs" they look! Their heavy lips seem to smack of champagnes and *pâtés de foie gras*; in their obese trunks one seems to hear the bullion ring; nine out of ten are painted with tobacco between their teeth. Realistic, no doubt, but let us imagine Bellini's *Doge of Venice*, or Vandyke's *Gevartius* with cigarettes as the typical motif. Advancing "realism" will one day perhaps paint its great men in the act of taking solace in some other natural function of the body. But in our age of apolaustic abandon tobacco is thought to give the guinea-stamp of manly dignity and noble bearing.

Sculpture has been the central French art ever since the days of Jean Goujon, Puget, and Houdon—nay, ever since the carved portals of Reims, Chartres, and Amiens. But now, alas! even sculpture is failing her. There is any amount of cleverness, knowledge, up-to-dateness. But the morbid love of the *new*, the real, the ugly has perverted it to base uses. A hideous old woman in a tattered skirt, with pendant dugs, and knotty claws, may be quite natural and real, but is not a subject for art in a life-size statue. Nothing can make a coal-heaver's broadbrim hat and corduroy trousers sculptural. And a modern gentleman in a silk hat and frock coat looks foolish in a group surrounded by naked Graces and classi-

cal Virtues. There is cleverness still in the sculpture of to-day, but as high Art it is in decadence.

Let me fortify my indictment by the authority of one of the greatest of living sculptors. Dr. Rodin himself has just told us that all Art is in decadence. M. Rodin is a man of genius, of great gifts, and daring imagination. But I make bold to say that Rodin himself is a typical example of this decadence, and has done as much to teach and promote decadence as any man living. His extraordinary powers and his originality have made him the high priest and apostle of decadence. In his desire to attain to something new in his art, he has desperately plunged into the negation of art. In his passion to avoid "conventions" he has revelled in sheer awkwardness and brutality. And yearning to get rid of prettiness, smoothness, and "finish," he invented that absurd fad—sketchiness, hazyness, confusedness in the plastic art. It is mere mimicry of Michelangelo's *unfinished* figures.

Now the *raison d'être* of the plastic arts is definiteness, fixity, clearness, beauty and precision of form. We want to see exact shapes, solid beings, not to have suggested to us imaginary spirits or ghosts of men. A hazy statue is even worse than a prosy poem, a vague demonstration, or mystical geometry. It is bad enough when some young coxcomb paints as if on a wax ground and then melts it till his colors have mixed and his lines are blurred. A mystical poem is conceivably true art. But a blurred statue is an outrage on good sense. And for a statue to repel us by its ugly form and to disgust us by its brutal idea is indeed the bathos of art.

I take the famous "Penseur" which has now been set up in front of the portico of the Panthéon. What has this brawny ruffian to do with Thought, with Heroes, with anything

or any one commemorated in the Temple of Geneviève and of Rousseau, Voltaire and Victor Hugo? The idea seems suggested by the brutal boxer in the new National Museum at Rome. If this huge naked bruiser is thinking at all, he is trying to understand in his thick skull why the other man had pounded him, or how he could contrive to pound the other man. Nothing that can be called rational thought, or noble aspiration, ever entered this beefy bulk or crossed these sullen vulgar features. The "Thinker" is nothing but a corpulent athlete, crumpling himself up in an ungainly attitude.

We were always told to walk round a fine statue and we should find it noble, beautiful, natural, from every point of view. I walked round and round the "Penseur," and found him awkward, ugly, and queer, in every aspect. Yet this figure is now hailed as one of the triumphs of modern Art. Why? Mainly because it is *new*—something which ancient art would never tolerate; because it is repulsive; because it is grotesque in its incongruity and its irrationality. Yes! but it is "a new departure"—it scandalizes the old-fashioned world, and creates "a sensation." Ah! that is decadence indeed—whatever be its power, its life.

Well, there is one art which still flourishes in France; it has never been so brilliant, so popular, nay so dominant. Painting, sculpture, architecture, jewelry, may all be vulgarized by the love of sensation and the ostentation of wealth; but one art is supreme. Caricature never was so much alive, so much sought, so well paid. Go and see the Exhibition of the Humorists in the Palais de Glace if you desire to enjoy a living art. It is crowded all day with the rank, beauty, and fashion of Paris. Go and see its diabolically clever caricatures of notable persons from Edward the Seventh to a music-hall singer, its ingenious placards to

boom soap, wine, corsets, cigarettes, hair dyes, and dog biscuits. There shines the true artist in his glory. There you will be able to penetrate to the mysteries of the life-school, the whims of the Quartier Latin, the buffooneries of the cabaret, the orgies of the *cocottes*—in fact, the seamy side of Paris-Bohème. And these dainty sketches are crowded all day long with smart *mondaines* and American "buds." The immortal art of caricature is in its zenith. A few fogies and tourists go to the Salon; but Tout-Paris gives itself the rendezvous at the Humorists.

France, like the rest of Europe, is being rapidly Americanized — with Yankee "notions," syndicates, telephones, and, above all, advertisements. The world is being turned into one big advertising hoarding; and life is a round of tradesmen's "drummers." The best paid artists are the men who draw picture-posters. The meadows beside the railways are fragrant with the merits of a new chocolate, lung tonic, or Dunlop tires. Half the press consists of open or concealed trade puffs. A short story hides a cryptic recommendation of a new cure for cancer; and a speech by the Prime Minister is broken off by a picture of a bathy-clopie corset or an office clerk suffering from backache.

Literature itself, like Art, Drama, Dress, Trade—even Pleasure and Vice—has drawn new life from the Columbian science of puffery. Literature, being in low water, has invented a device to restore its lost reputation and its gains. The puffers' arts have reduced the reprints of the standard authors to a matter of centimes. To meet this the living authors are organizing a movement to resist the *concurrence des Morts*. They call on the legislature to put a tax of 10 per cent. on deceased writers in order to suppress this unfair competition of the

dead, to protect contemporary industry, to pay them the proceeds of the tax derived from the perverse habit of reading Voltaire and Victor Hugo instead of Gyp and Jules Lemaitre. That is a lesson in Tariff Reform.

Being out of humor with painting and sculpture—partly perhaps from being in quarantine myself and attending a sick room—I consoled myself with music and drama. By good luck I came in for the Tercentenary Night of Corneille at the Française, the Beethoven Commemoration at the Opéra, and a noble performance of Gluck's *Alceste* at the Trocadéro. Mounet-Sully's *Polyeucte* is as fine as ever, and some good judges believe the play to be the masterpiece of Corneille. Those persons who have never read Corneille since they were at school and rarely see his tragedies at the Français have little idea how magnificent they are on the stage, how real and great are the possibilities of the classical drama. Shakespeare by all means; but the verdict of the ages, of the majority of the human race, is for the Attic rather than the Elizabethan type—for tragedy at least.

I heard the masterpieces of Beethoven and Gluck and Wagner's *Valkyrie* sung at the Opéra by the same singers within the same week. And there again what is now called "old-fashioned conventions" triumphed over modern sensationalism. Wagner is a great genius, a dramatist of power, a superb harmonist and all that—we all agree. But it is rank Decadence that puts him beside Gluck and Beethoven. He kept us till half-past one in the morning listening to the endless *longueurs* in which two savages shout at each other in monotonous recitatives. Who knows what the quarrel is about, and why by the hour together they brandish their swords at one another and yet never close? Why these discords? Why this never-ending tau-

tophony? Why the cacophony? Why the exhausting length? Why the deafening blare of brass? The only answers I ever heard were because it is German—and because it is "weird," new, revolutionary.

There is nothing weird about Gluck. I heard his *Alceste* in the great amphitheatre of the Trocadéro, splendidly performed in the daylight on the great classical stage without curtain, scenery, or footlights. Gluck—not Wagner—is the real master of the future. His is the type of musical drama—almost as sweet as Mozart, more dramatic than Beethoven, less fuliginous and torrential than Wagner. I heard *Orfeo* and *Alceste* in the same week, and I hold *Alceste* to be quite as fine as the more popular *Orfeo*. Why is it not heard at Covent Garden? As one listened to its glorious melodies and stately dialogues in broad daylight on a semi-classical stage innocent of curtain, scene-shifting, and limelight, with its free spaces for chorus and processions, one could imagine what Sophocles and Euripides would have been to an Attic audience. What vulgar dogs we must be that London has never seen *Alceste*, being busy with Twaddles and a new turn at the Tivoli! Ours is the age of vulgar dogs.

Alceste convinced me of what I have long felt, that natural daylight, a broad stage, and a fixed architectural scene are the best conditions of true drama. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides showed their plays in the open air and in full light. So did Shakespeare. The footlights, the shifting canvas scenes, the lime lantern dodging the "star," are the death of real tragedy. They make "staginess" inevitable. The silly trick of darkening the auditorium till one cannot see one's next neighbor, and often darkening the stage till we hear voices but cannot see the speakers—all the other tomfooleries of what is called "realism"

on the stage—are the ruin of art. We do not want realism; we want poetry, action, tragedy, and if this cannot be given us without magic-lantern tricks, it had better be left alone. The drama will never revive till we give up all tricks.

As I was in quarantine I was not able to visit politicians and had to content myself with the newspapers, which, with rare exceptions, are the organs of sordid speculators and advertising tradesmen. I followed closely the two extraordinary strikes, that of the seamen and that of the southern winegrowers. Both have the almost unprecedented quality of being directed against the legislature—not against employers, and concerned with laws not with wages. They reveal a sinister condition of modern industry, and may be the precursors of unexpected social convulsions. They point to disintegration and anarchy, class wars and economic manias. Altogether I came away from France with uneasy forebodings as to European peace and order.

Of the great religious struggle not a trace was to be seen. The Church is disestablished in France, but no change whatever can be noticed by the eye. The temples are open as usual: Mass and Vespers are said as usual: nothing apparently is changed, except that the worshippers are more scanty than ever, both in cities and in villages. I entered the churches and attended services at all hours both in Paris and in the country, and was almost always alone. In one large city, the streets and market-place of which were thronged, I visited a fine old Norman church I had known and loved as

The Nineteenth Century and After.

a boy in 1845. Since the days of the Crusaders, who had prayed in its walls before they set forth, it has never been so empty. In the Chapel of Our Lady a priest was muttering his rite without a single worshipper in sight. In the fine old church of Compiègne where Jeanne Darc took the sacrament when she sallied forth to her last fight before the town, I made a pilgrimage to the memory of the purest saint in the Calendar of Comte—though she is not in the Calendar of Rome. The town was *en fête*, and five thousand patriotic clubmen were parading before the statue of the savior of France. But in her favorite church I was left to my meditations in solitude.

On Trinity Sunday I joined the service in Notre-Dame in Paris. How sublime is that survival of the great age of Catholic Feudalism! What miracles of devotion, chivalry, and art does it not record! What endless revolutions of thought and art, of government and of society, have those soaring vaults looked down on unchanged and unyielding! I have always loved the massive dignity of Notre-Dame, which I have known for fifty-six years, long before its eight centuries of masonry and sculpture had been modernized by pedants. I came back to it last May, and found its fabric, its ritual, its outward form the same, but, save for the tourists, it was almost deserted. The worshippers within its enclosure were fifty-two women and twenty-five men. But as I listened to the grand music swelling up into those exquisite arcades and traceries I felt it still to be the most beautiful thing in all Paris—almost the only thing of true and pure art.

Frederic Harrison.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE TRUSTS.

II.

The framers of the constitution of the United States, fearing to place wide powers and unlimited sovereignty in the hands of the Federal Government, specified the powers granted to the central authority, the powers not so granted being reserved either to the States or to the people. Under this arrangement the most important powers possessed by Congress in regard to industry are conferred by the interstate commerce clause, which empowers Congress "to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes." Supplementary authority is derived from the power to levy taxes, to establish post-offices and post-roads, and to coin money. The right "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers" must also be read as indicating the scope of the Federal jurisdiction.

The commanding position of the Supreme Court, which is the final judge of all Federal legislation, claims for its decisions the closest attention. In the famous series of judgments given, at an early period in the Court's history, by Chief Justice Marshall, the principle of giving a broad construction of the powers conferred on the Federal Government was adopted. Although there has from time to time been an ebb and flow, dependent on the personnel of the Court, the precedents set by Marshall have on the whole been followed. It may therefore be said that it has been the policy of the Court to construe broadly the constitutionality of the powers exercised by Congress, while at the same time a technical legal interpretation has been given to the terms of the statutes under which such powers are exercised.

Under a rigid written constitution—for the process of amendment provided is so cumbrous as to be practically unavailable—the Supreme Court is the elastic portion of the constitution which provides, by implication, for the broadening of power to meet new exigencies. In the definition of constitutionality, questions of policy, as well as of strict law, have their weight.

However correct in theory, from an historical standpoint, the strict-construction theory of the constitution may have been, it received a death-blow from the Civil War. Though it was not wholly true that the laws were silent while arms were being borne, it was no time for niceties of construction; and a national support was given to the broad-construction tendencies of the Court. In the *Legal-Tender* cases, which upheld the constitutionality of the issue of inconvertible paper with a legal-tender attribute, a broad justification was found in the necessities of war. In the exercise of the power to tax, Congress has a wide discretion. A tax may be levied either for revenue or for prohibitive purposes. When Congress, in 1869, excluded State bank-notes from circulation by imposing upon them a tax of 10 per cent., the Court upheld this as a legitimate exercise of power, and stated that "the judicial department cannot prescribe to the legislative department of Government limitations upon the exercise of its acknowledged powers."¹

The breadth of construction of the interstate commerce clause is especially noteworthy. Marshall's decision in 1824, that commerce includes not only traffic but intercourse as well, gave a trend to more recent decisions;

¹ *Veazie Bank v. Fenno*, 8 Wallace U.S., 532.

but interstate commerce was of minor importance in the earlier days. During the first forty years of the Supreme Court's existence, only five cases came before it in which the construction of this clause was involved. With the expansion of the railway system and the general industrial development of the country, questions arising under this head have become increasingly frequent. In 1895, in a case which arose out of the aggression of organized labor during the Chicago strike, it was stated:

The constitution has not changed. . . . But it operates to-day upon modes of interstate commerce unknown to the fathers; and it will operate with equal force upon any new modes of such commerce which the future may develop.²

When the need of railway regulation was appreciated, it was under the interstate commerce clause that regulative legislation was passed. This legislation was stoutly opposed by the railway interests, which stigmatized it as an unwarrantable interference with private industry. One pessimistic critic contended that it was a movement towards centralization, and that "the next natural step must be the purchase and absolute control by the same power of all this vast railroad property." There were others who argued that this legislation was an unjustifiable interference with State activity.

The next exercise of power under this clause was concerned with an attempt to regulate industrial combinations. In two years 138 Bills dealing with this subject were introduced in Congress. Finally, in 1890, the anti-trust legislation known as the Sherman Law was passed. This was a compromise measure, and, like so many of the compromise measures passed by Congress, was inexact in phraseology. It is entitled "an Act to

protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies." This implies that there are lawful restraints and monopolies. But the Act states that "every contract, combination, in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States . . . is illegal." While "monopolizing" is prohibited, no definition of this term is given; and it must be remembered that "monopolizing" is not a word of legal precision.

The regulation of Trusts is complicated by the fact that there is no Federal corporation law. Corporations engaging in interstate commerce do so under a State charter. The difficulty thus presented is well exemplified by the United States Steel Corporation. This organization attracts attention, not only because of its huge capitalization, but also because of the wide sweep of its business and of its resources. This giant corporation, which is well described by Dr. Gutmann in the book mentioned in our list, is chartered under a law of New Jersey. Congress has no power over manufacture as such. In 1895, in a decision in an action against the Sugar Trust, the Supreme Court held that, although a combination had been formed controlling 98 per cent. of the sugar-refining of the country, this did not come within the scope of the anti-trust legislation. Only the consequences of combination, not the combination itself, could be dealt with.

Although it was generally supposed that railways were exempt from the anti-trust legislation, since they were already covered by the Act to regulate commerce, some of the most signal decisions have been those concerned with railways. In 1897 and in 1898, in the Traffic Association cases,³ organizations formed to maintain "reasonable" rates were declared to be

² *In re Debs*, 158 U.S., 564.

³ 167 U.S., 290, and 171 U.S., 505.

combinations to maintain rates, and therefore prohibited by the anti-trust legislation. Railways were declared to be "instruments of commerce," and their business is commerce itself. This was carried further in the Northern Securities decision in 1904. In this case a "holding company" of exceedingly wide powers was formed under a New Jersey charter. By control of majority stock-holdings in the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, it controlled these railways and their subordinate lines. Not one mile of the railways concerned was situated in the State from which the charter was obtained. The holding company did not operate the railways; it simply controlled them through its majority holdings. By deciding that this company was a combination in restraint of trade, the Court, while avoiding a direct expression of opinion on the subject, in reality decided that ownership of property falls within the scope of the legislation whenever such ownership, if allowed to continue, might result in restraint of interstate commerce.

The powers of Congress over Trusts under existing legislation, as established by court decisions, are substantially as follows. The power to regulate gives the power to prohibit; this may be exercised either under the taxing power or under the interstate commerce clause. Every combination which directly or necessarily operates in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States is illegal. Railways engaged in interstate commerce are subject to the anti-trust Act. Congress has established the rule of free competition among those engaged in interstate commerce; every combination which would extinguish competition between otherwise competing railways engaged in interstate commerce, and which would in that way restrain such commerce, is illegal.

The provisions of the anti-trust Act apply to private manufacturers or dealers as well as to corporations. The natural effect of competition is to increase commerce; and an agreement whose direct effect is to prevent this play of competition restrains instead of promoting trade and commerce. The legislative prohibitions are not limited to "unreasonable restraints," but are directed against all restraints, whether reasonable or unreasonable; therefore the Court will not consider evidence in regard to the reasonableness of the restraint. It is not necessary to show that a combination results or will result in a complete monopoly; it is only essential to show that by its necessary operation it tends to restrain interstate commerce or to create a monopoly in such commerce and to deprive the public of the advantages that flow from free competition.

In his message to Congress in 1901, President Roosevelt said:

In the interest of the whole people the nation should, without interfering with the powers of the States in the matter, itself also assume powers of supervision and regulation over corporations doing an interstate business.

In annual messages and in addresses he has from time to time returned to the subject, and in stronger terms. A large part of the rising tide of opposition to the Trusts and desire for their adequate regulation, arises from the appreciation of their evils which his educational campaign has evoked. At the same time, when the question of remedies arises, the limitations due to his political connections appear. To those who urge that the Trust problem is to be settled by depriving monopolized products of protection through duties, President Roosevelt, in his letter to Congressman Watson, of Indiana, August 20, 1906—a letter intended

to be used as a campaign document—replied as follows:

The cry that the problem can be met by any changes in the tariff, represents, consciously or unconsciously, an effort to divert public attention from the only method of taking regulative action.

The protective tariff is not so important a factor in Trust preservation as some, including Mr. Bryan, think; nor is it a negligible quantity, as President Roosevelt contends. While he has become more radical in his attitude towards domestic industry, he has become more conservative in regard to the tariff. He has inclined more and more to the reactionary attitude of the "stand pat" section of the Republican party—a section which fears that the pillars of the existing edifice will be pulled down if repairs are made on the roof. This attitude was apparent in the President's speech at Milwaukee on April 3, 1903, when he said that to regulate Trusts through the tariff would be to put an end to the prosperity of the Trusts by putting an end to the prosperity of the nation. The speech of Mr. Roosevelt's lieutenant, Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, at Bath, Maine, on Sept. 5, 1906, may be taken as summarizing the President's position.

It is impracticable, by a revision of the tariff, to destroy Trusts. The effect which a protective tariff has in aid of Trusts is a partial exclusion or hampering of foreign competition in articles manufactured by Trusts, thus narrowing the competition to be met and overcome by illegal Trust methods; but the principle of excluding or burdening foreign competition with home competition is the protective system. . . . The question presented is whether it is wiser to maintain the benefits of the protective system, and deal with the evils of the management of Trusts by specific legislation directed to those evils, or, in an attempt to curb

Trusts, to pull down the whole protective system.

To the President the Trust problem is one of domestic policy. The policy favored by him and accepted by the Republican party, although not without protest, is summed up under the words publicity and regulation. In his message to the Legislature of New York in 1900, President (then Governor) Roosevelt said:

Supervision and publicity are needed quite as much for the sake of the honest corporations as for the sake of the public. The corporation that manages its affairs honestly has a right to demand protection against the dishonest corporation. . . . The first essential is knowledge of the facts—publicity.

Under legislation enacted in 1903, on the recommendation of the President, provision was made for publicity in regard to corporate affairs by the establishment of a Bureau of Corporations, a sub-department of the new department of Commerce and Labor. Mr. James R. Garfield, a son of the late President Garfield, was appointed Commissioner of Corporations. He was given power to investigate the business of corporations, joint-stock companies, or corporate combinations engaged in interstate commerce; and to gather information to enable the President to make recommendations to Congress in regard to the regulation of interstate commerce. The reports made to the President are to receive such publicity as he may direct. Under this legislation investigations of the conditions existing in the beef and oil industries have been conducted by Mr. Garfield. The work of the Bureau of Corporations is primarily an enquiry into the industrial and legal methods used by the agencies engaged in interstate and foreign commerce; and the purpose of such enquiry is to afford accurate knowledge of the industrial conditions upon which there

may be based intelligent legislative action.

The power in regard to regulation has been exercised under the interstate commerce clause. While Mr. Bryan, in his recent speech at Louisville, Kentucky, held that strict regulation of the railways is advisable, he at the same time holds that the country must ultimately accept government ownership in order to escape not only the corrupting effect of the railway in politics, but also the evils arising from extortionate rates and rebates. To President Roosevelt government ownership is a last resort. He believes in railway regulation; and he has been successful in getting the Railway Commission legislation strengthened. He has throughout held that, if rebating were abolished, much of the strength of the Trusts would disappear.

Though the Interstate Commerce Commission has contended almost from the outset that the power to establish a reasonable rate, when a rate has been found unreasonable in an action before the Commission, is essential, its contention was not taken seriously until President Roosevelt, in his annual message in 1904, said:

As a fair security to the shipper, the Commission should be vested with the power, when a given rate is challenged, and after full review found to be unreasonable, to decide, subject to judicial review, what will be a reasonable rate to take its place.

As a result of his urgent advocacy, both in 1904 and in 1905, amendatory legislation was passed in the last session of Congress. In addition to conferring the amendatory rate-making power, the abuses of the "midnight tariff" system are prevented by requiring thirty days' notice of changes in rates, instead of the shorter period formerly demanded. Rebating in any form is forbidden; and stringent penalties are provided. The railway com-

pany which shall "offer, grant, or give" a rebate is subject to a fine varying from \$1000 to \$20,000 for each offence; and railway officials participating in such an arrangement are punishable by fine, or by fine and imprisonment. The shipper who shall "solicit, accept, or receive" a rebate is liable to similar penalties. To ascertain whether rebates are given, the Interstate Commerce Commission is empowered to appoint examiners to inspect the books of the railway companies. Further, in an action dealing with rebates, all rebates received during a period six years prior to the commencement of the action may also be dealt with. Private cars are also placed under the supervision of the Commission.

Though the scope of the anti-trust Act was not extended during the last session of Congress, additional powers of regulation under the interstate commerce clause were granted in regard to other matters. Under the new meat-inspection law, which became effective on October 1, 1906, meat and meat-products cannot enter into interstate commerce unless they are marked "inspected and passed." The purpose of the Act is to prevent the use in interstate or foreign commerce of meat and meat-products which are unwholesome or otherwise unfit for human food. The determination of these conditions is delegated to the Bureau of Animal Industry, a sub-department of the Department of Agriculture, under whose immediate authority more than six hundred inspectors have been assigned to places in half as many packing establishments and railway shopping points in the meat-producing districts. As the result of many years agitation, a "pure food" law was passed, which applies to food, drink, and drugs. For the breach of the law, fines and imprisonment are provided.

The present is a period of great activity in the prosecution of Trusts, not only in the Federal field, but also in the States. In New York the local ice combination has been prosecuted because of artificial enhancement of prices. In the district of Columbia and in the city of Philadelphia actions have also been initiated against local ice combinations. In Toledo, Ohio, the Circuit Court recently upheld a decision whereby three ice-dealers, who were convicted of violating the State anti-trust Act, were sentenced to fines of \$2500 and six months' imprisonment in the work-house. In the same State, on October 19, the Standard Oil Co. was found guilty of infractions of the State anti-trust Act under which fines totalling \$5,000,000 may be imposed. An appeal has been lodged against this decision.

But, while in the States some action has been taken against the Trusts, it is in the Federal field that the greatest activity is shown. This activity has been especially noteworthy since President Roosevelt's accession to office. In 1903 a special appropriation of \$500,000 was made by Congress to aid in the enforcement of the anti-trust law and the Act to regulate commerce. By legislation of the same year provision was made that in suits under these Acts, when the United States is the complainant and there is a sufficient public interest involved, the case may, on the certificate of the Attorney-General, take precedence on the docket. This power was exercised in the Northern Securities case. The increased activity under these laws is shown in the following table of original proceedings begun and prosecuted:—

| Periods. | For violation of anti-trust Act. | For violation of Act to regulate commerce |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|---|
| Under Pres. Harrison . | 7 | 17 |
| " " Cleveland | 8 | 32 |
| " " McKinley | 3 | 12 |
| " " Roosevelt | 16 | 60 |

In the prosecutions arising under the interstate commerce clause there has been a co-operation of the various agencies. Investigations and proceedings have been conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission; prosecutions under the anti-trust Act have been made by the Department of Justice; while investigations on which actions have been based have been made by the Commissioner of Corporations. Without attempting an exhaustive list, we may mention some of the more salient actions.

In the year 1905 a perpetual injunction was obtained from the Supreme Court against the principal packing companies, restraining them from combining and agreeing on prices at which their products were to be disposed of in States other than those of manufacture. In 1902 an injunction was obtained against the Federal Salt Company. This company had made arrangements whereby other companies agreed neither to import, buy, nor sell salt except from and to the Federal Salt Company, and not to engage in or assist in the production of salt west of the Mississippi River during the continuation of this contract. This arrangement had enhanced the price of salt 400 per cent.

The decision in the Northern Securities case frustrated the attempt to centralize through a holding company the control of competing railways. Proceedings under the rebating section of the railway legislation led on June 22, 1906, to the imposition of fines totalling \$75,000 on four of the packing companies and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railway. Two individual defendants in New York, who had received rebates, were punished by fines and imprisonment, the penalty being \$6000 and four months' imprisonment in the first case, and \$4000 and three months' imprisonment in the second. This is the first time that rebating has

actually been punished by imprisonment; and Attorney-General Moody hopes that it will have "the most potent effect in checking the widespread practice of unlawful discriminations." Early in October the New York Central Railway was found guilty of granting rebates on shipments made by the Sugar Trust. An arrangement had been entered into in 1904 whereby a rebate of five cents per hundred pounds was to be made. The information which led to this action being taken was collected in the first instance by the lieutenants of Mr. W. R. Hearst, and was handed over by him to the Attorney-General. The railway was fined \$108,000, or about two dollars in fines for every dollar which it has recently received in rebates. The result is excellent; there is a stability in railway rates that has long been absent. So far, the suits instituted by the Attorney-General have led to the collection of over \$300,000 in fines, and the imprisonment of two freight brokers who conspired to get rebates. President Roosevelt's administration claims that the enforcement of the law has greatly improved the situation; and that, to quote the words of Secretary Taft, "the fear of the law has been put into the hearts of the members of these great corporations."

The most important of the actions the Government now has in hand is that against the Standard Oil Co. It is intended to proceed against this company on the ground that it has, contrary to law, been receiving discriminative rates. Investigations have been conducted by Federal Grand Juries in Ohio, New York, Kansas, and Illinois. In August the Grand Jury at Chicago returned ten indictments, covering 6428 counts against the Standard Oil Co. for receiving rebates. These investigations are simply preliminary to more general action by the Government. In addition to the proceedings in the

Federal courts, the Interstate Commerce Commission is conducting investigations under a resolution of Congress passed at its last session. In November last, Attorney-General Moody instituted an action against the Standard Oil Co. under the anti-trust Act. The stock at once fell from about 700 to 512. A favorable outcome in such a case will mean a very significant expansion of Federal power. In the prohibitions of the anti-trust legislation no provision is made for a company or a corporation which by mere accretion has come to control a dominating part of a particular industry. The Standard Oil claims to be a company, not a combination. In an action against it there will be involved, if its contention that it is a company is upheld, the question whether a monopoly possessed by one company is forbidden; and the further question whether mere size, apart from any overt act, subjects a company to the provisions of the anti-trust legislation. It is probable that, even with an expedited procedure, two years will elapse before the case is decided by the Supreme Court.

There is a danger at the present time that the prevailing fear of Trusts may go too far. The opinion of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his "The United States in the Twentieth Century" (p. x), that "an unduly high opinion has been entertained of the dangers as well as of the strength of the Trusts, and of the part they have played in the development of American manufacture," is undoubtedly justified. Especial attention has been devoted to the public dangers arising from inflated capitalization; but time has shown that this is a weakness in the combinations. But the days of "hands off" have passed; and it is well that it is so. At the same time the division of power between the Federal Government and the States renders difficult the work of regu-

lation — a work which, apart from any question of constitutional limitations, has inherent difficulties—and attracts attention to the limitations of the constitution. The State Governments, which were intended to be bulwarks of private right, have too often been the protectors of private greed. Regulation through the individual States is, in default of concerted action, futile; it means irritation, not control.

It may be argued that it is within the power of Congress to pass an incorporation Act, and to grant to corporations so chartered the right to produce. But such corporations would carry on their manufacturing within the confines of some State or States; they would therefore be subject to local regulation and taxation. This would involve radical industrial and political changes. It is the expediency, rather than the legality, of a Federal corporation law which presents a difficulty. The President said, in his Harrisburg speech,

It is the narrow construction of the powers of the national government which in our democracy has proved the chief means of limiting the national power to cut out abuses, and which is now the chief bulwark of the great moneyed interests which oppose and dread any attempt to place them under efficient governmental control.

It is on this ground that he has favored the placing of insurance under national control, although the Courts have repeatedly decided that insurance is not commerce. But in the extension of powers, which he favors, the Government will have to proceed indirectly. The most that can be expected in the way of more thorough control of corporations is that they shall be required to take out licenses before engaging in interstate commerce. Under such an arrangement the granting of licenses could be made conditional on submission to regulation. Substantially this

arrangement is involved in the provisions of the recent meat-inspection law, whose rigid provisions must be met, under penalty of exclusion from interstate commerce.

The weakness of the legislation passed under the interstate commerce clause is patent. The anti-trust law, a hurried compromise measure, in its sweeping prohibitions, makes no distinction between predominating industrial influence due to illicit favors or improper combinations and that due to legitimate economic conditions. The Act to regulate railways has, by its prohibition of pooling (i.e. joint-purse arrangements), accelerated the movement towards consolidation. The Supreme Court has held that the rule of free competition laid down in the anti-trust Act applies to railways as well. By declaring illegal all agreements to maintain rates it laid down a technical doctrine which, if upheld in its entirety, would be subversive of business. Whether established formally or informally, agreements as to rates are absolutely essential. Such agreements exist to-day, and must of necessity exist; and, in acting under them, the railways are in technical disobedience to the law.

In his message to the New York Legislature in 1900, Governor Roosevelt said:

Much of the legislation not only proposed but enacted against Trusts is not one whit more intelligent than the medieval Bull against the comet, and has not been one particle more effective.

As President, in his annual message to Congress in 1905, he said:

It is generally useless to try to stop all restraint on competition, whether this restraint be reasonable or unreasonable; and, when it is not useless, it is generally hurtful.

In his message of Dec. 1906 he reiterated the warning.

It is not possible completely to prevent it [consolidation]; and, if it were possible, such complete prevention would do damage to the body-politic.

Though the Supreme Court has said that Congress has established the rule of free competition, and that it is not for the Court to question the industrial expediency of such legislation, there are some signs of a modification of this position. The Circuit Court of Appeals has held⁴ that the Act must have a reasonable construction, and that it could not be the true meaning of the law that every attempt to monopolize any part of interstate commerce was illegal. Somewhat greater strength is given to this position by the decision of Mr. Justice Brewer in the Northern Securities case. This decision was rendered by a bare majority, four judges, including the Chief Justice, dissenting. Though Justice Brewer was of the majority, he filed a separate decision, in which he said that

Congress did not intend to reach and destroy those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade which the long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable, and ought to be upheld.

This line of reasoning would cause the Court to look to the intent, not to the mere fact, of combination. It is abundantly manifest that, if the movement for Trust regulation in the United States is to be efficiently regulative, not simply prohibitory, it must recognize that the beneficial effect of untrammelled competition—even if it were possible to obtain it—is an outworn sophistry; and that the public is interested not in the mere limitation of competition, whatever be the cause of such limitation, but its effect on national prosperity.

⁴ *Whitwell v. Continental Tobacco Co.*, 60 C.C.A. Reports, 290.

In the enforcement of the laws against combinations, the punitive methods have been prohibitions and fines. Mr. Bryan asks "how many of the Trust magnates are in jail?" He contends that "safety lies not in futile attempts at the restraint of Trusts, but in legislation which will make a private monopoly impossible." As to what constitutes a "private monopoly" he is extremely vague. "The plan of attack," he continues, "must contemplate the total and complete overthrow of the monopoly principle in industry." Again: "The man who is in favor of regulating it [the private monopoly] might just as well take off the mask and declare himself; for you cannot regulate a private monopoly; it regulates you."

While President Roosevelt stands for such regulation as will, to quote his favorite phrase, "give a square deal," he is, as the size and intricacy of the problem grow upon him, becoming more radical. The investigations of the Bureau of Corporations (whose latest reports appeared in May) show that illicit railway favors have done much to build up the Standard Oil monopoly. The President holds that railway control is the central matter. The Government must possess full power to supervise and control the railways engaging in interstate traffic—power as thorough as that which it already exercises in regard to the banking system. But it appears that he is at times doubtful of the successful outcome of the regulative policy. To him the problem is becoming twofold—the regulation of the Trusts and the regulation of large fortunes. Recently he has shown that he regards these as a complementary phase of the problem. In his "muck-rake" speech, April 13, 1906, he said that ultimately the nation would have to consider the imposition of progressive taxation with a view to preventing the owners

of enormous fortunes handing on more than a certain amount to any one individual. To most this was a mere statement of his beliefs in regard to ultimate tendencies. But in his Harrisburg speech, on October 4, 1906, he stated his position in stronger language.

It is our clear duty to see . . . that there is adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day, and also to determine the conditions upon which those fortunes are to be transmitted, and the percentage they shall pay to the Government whose protecting arm alone enabled them to exist. Only the nation can do this work. . . . I maintain that the national Government should have complete power to deal with all of this wealth which in any way goes into the commerce between the States—and practically all of it that is employed in the great corporations does thus go in.

The Quarterly Review.

Had the proposition been simply one to obtain increased revenue through an inheritance tax it would, no doubt, have obtained a generous support. But the ultra-radicalism of a plan whereby social policy, not revenue, is to be the end in view is far in advance of public opinion. The connection between the large fortunes and the illicit phases of the Trust problem is assumed, not proven. If the regulation and limitation of private wealth is to be undertaken, and if the Government is, in its discretion, to determine when a fortune is dangerous to the public—such determination being dependent upon the size of the fortune, not upon its use—such a course will not only be a dangerous invasion of private rights, but will also, of necessity, entail upon the Federal Government a systematic redistribution of wealth—a task for which it is manifestly unsuited.

S. J. McLean.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"There was a girl once,—but you're not listening," began Cicely.

"I'm listening very hard," asserted Talbot, looking at her a trifle uneasily. She had surveyed his notably correct attire with an interest somewhat too minute to please him, and she had seemed secretly amused. He pulled down his sleeve nervously (it was a trifle too short for his arm), and her gaze then fell on his brown boots, which he in turn contemplated with dissatisfaction. They were still a little tight; what was worse they looked tight, and he knew it. He settled himself determinedly, however, and looked at her instead.

Cicely smiled in a superior manner, and leaned back more comfortably

against her favorite tree by the perch-hole. "You'll have to listen," she announced; "it's for your good."

"I didn't expect this of you," demurred Talbot. A prolonged study of Cicely had distracted him from his minor discomforts, and he felt himself again.

"Besides, I want your advice, as I don't think the girl behaved very well," continued she.

"They never do," he assented, readily enough.

Cicely smiled again. "You speak feelingly?" she suggested. "Otherwise you can't be excused, you know."

"There are exceptions," conceded Talbot gallantly.

"Mostly exceptions," she insisted.

"I don't know; I'm quite content to know one."

Cicely accepted the compliment demurely. "However this girl didn't behave at all well," she resumed.

"Poor fellow," Talbot sighed tragically. "Did he ever get over it?"

"I haven't told you the story yet," she said firmly. "I'm going to begin at the beginning."

"What a very unusual proceeding," he laughed. Cicely's eye demanded instant explanation. "I thought you always began at the end and finished with the middle," he said. "It doesn't keep one waiting for the point; and it's a very hot afternoon."

"This isn't a novel," objected Cicely, "and it hasn't got an end yet."

"Then of course I can't hear it; I quite understand. 'There was a girl once,' I think you said."

"There were several of them," corrected Cicely, "and the others were all nice."

"And the one who wasn't was the prettiest?" he enquired. Cicely's eyes danced with merriment, purposeful merriment. He felt vaguely apprehensive, but he persevered. "They were all jealous of her?"

"They were rather afraid of her, I think; she was a very big girl." Again she looked mischievously at the correct angler. Then she paused to frame her parable.

"And who was he?" Talbot suggested.

Cicely was not to be hurried. "They all went down to—to a little country place, and they agreed they wouldn't take many dresses and things, but be quiet and not be bothered with men."

"Not even with an uncle?" he said, becoming dimly suspicious that this was that inexcusable thing, a story with a purpose.

"No, they went down quite by themselves; and you mustn't interrupt, or I shall never get to the end at all."

"As you said there wasn't one, that won't matter very much," he observed.

"They went down quite by themselves," Cicely resumed firmly.

"Did any of them fish?" he asked.

"They didn't, but the curate did."

"And he taught them?" Talbot betrayed a slight anxiety.

"He was a very nice curate," answered Cicely circuitously; "and one of them, the big one, saw him when she was going for a walk. He wasn't fishing at all properly, so she stopped a bit and showed him how to do it. He was quite grateful because he had never caught anything before, which was rather dull, of course. And she told him a lot he didn't know."

"She seems to have been quite capable of doing that," was Talbot's comment.

"She went back and didn't say a word to anybody," continued Cicely.

"Some remnant of good feeling?" he suggested.

Cicely had recourse to a greengage. It was a deceptive greengage, and its flavor was unworthy of the honor of her selection. She put it gently down and smiled to herself; he would not interrupt much longer, she suspected. "There was another girl down there," she went on, "who hadn't quite understood what they meant to do and had packed a very pretty dress,—by mistake, of course—so the rest when they found it out protested, and the big girl took away her portmanteau in the night." Talbot started. Cicely did not look at him; instead she continued rapidly. "You see, there was a party of curates down there, and the big girl said she would be sure to dress herself up and get to know them, so she took away the pretty dress and went in it to see the one who fished, and she went in it without letting anybody know, and at last they found out and they thought it very mean of her, and—"

An inarticulate grunt that expressed many things untranslatable into any self-respecting feminine vocabulary interrupted the narrative. Cicely paused willingly enough; she lacked Mrs. Lauriston's practice in continuous speech. "You said?" she enquired, the question sounding rather timidly even to herself.

Her tone restored Talbot a little. "I don't care what they thought," he declared. "What did the curate think?"

"He thought the dress didn't fit at all well," rejoined Cicely cruelly, having recovered her self-possession.

"Who's been telling you all this?" demanded Talbot with steady ferocity. "Majendie? Crichton?"

"Oh dear, he'll go and beat them, or something dreadful," thought Cicely; and, indeed, a shy peep at him was not reassuring. Talbot both felt and looked as if a little violent exercise at some one else's expense would do him good. "No, neither of them told," she declared hurriedly.

"Some one told you; who was it?" Cicely looked at him in admirable surprise with a dainty assumption of feminine dignity. "I beg your pardon," conceded Talbot in some contrition. But he still boiled inwardly, and picking up his rod he threw his line savagely into the unoffending river. Fortune was kind and sent a perch to sacrifice itself on the altar of indignation. The unexpectedness of the bite and the necessity of landing the fish in some measure restored Talbot's temper.

"Will this buy the information?" he said holding up the fish.

"I believe you're getting curious," she returned. "No, it isn't intelligent interest; that's only for things that concern yourself, you know."

He had been about to interrupt; but she held up a restraining finger. Contemplation of a very shapely little hand in a becomingly dictatorial attitude dis-

tracted him momentarily, but he persisted. "Of course I want to know when it's your story."

Cicely nodded her august approval of his altered manner. "But I don't know that I ought to tell you."

Talbot repressed impatience. "What did the curate do?" he asked with an effort.

"He told the big girl," said Cicely calmly; "and she was very rude to him."

Talbot considered this point. "I suppose I deserved that," he admitted in a wholly unconvinced tone. "But did he tell the other curates?" he asked with feeling.

"I never heard of his doing that," Cicely rejoined deliberately. She smiled inwardly at his look of relief. Yes, he was being a little, just a little, well-absurd, and it was all for herself, which was quite what it should have been.

"He must have been a very nice curate," said Talbot in gratitude; "I'm sure there couldn't have been a nicer anywhere."

"I thought you didn't like curates," observed Cicely, with a little touch of self-appreciation.

"As I said, there are exceptions, and I should be quite content to know that one," he replied pointedly.

Cicely felt that, in his own estimation at least, Talbot was rapidly ceasing to possess just the little absurdity that was required of him. "I don't think you've quite seen the moral of my tale," she objected.

"You said there wasn't one," he returned.

"I said there wasn't an end, but I didn't say there wasn't a moral," she answered.

"But you mustn't put the moral before the end," stated Talbot. "Think of the fables in the copybooks."

"Remember the bargain," retorted Cicely.

"I'm not teaching you anything; I'm only reminding you."

Cicely shook her head. "I didn't want that; I wanted your opinion of the big girl."

"I'll tell you on one condition."

"No conditions," stoutly declared Cicely.

"Well, may I ask a question?" Talbot was firm.

"I won't promise anything; I've told you what the curate thought."

Talbot remembered what the curate thought, and despite himself he once more acquired something of what had been expected of him. "Did the curate's aunt tell him about the big girl?" he demanded with a sternness curiously inappropriate to the form of the question.

"Oh, do say it again just like that," laughed Cicely.

Talbot's sense of humor returned; he had had his answer. However he meant to make sure. "Did the curate's aunt and the girl who had lost her dress spend every morning looking for the Gladstone—portmanteau, I mean, in the wood?"

"Intelligent interest?" asked she, nodding an answer.

"I understand," said Talbot. "The curate guessed of course. He was a very clever curate," he added with a polite bow.

"It wasn't very hard to guess." Cicely deprecated the compliment. "You see it wasn't the big girl's style at all."

"You don't seem to sympathize with the big girl," hazarded Talbot hopefully.

"How could I? Don't you think it was very wrong of her?"

"But did the curate sympathize with her?" he returned to the charge.

"You couldn't expect a really nice curate to do that, could you?" fenced Cicely. "Besides, the other girl's shoes didn't fit her at all."

Talbot moved his feet painfully. Certainly he was beginning to feel just a little absurd, despite his consciousness of lofty motives. But, as he had evidently not been betrayed and had only been discovered by Cicely, his confidence returned. "Didn't the curate like that rather?" he enquired.

"It amused him, of course," Cicely agreed readily, "and there isn't much to do in the country."

"I expect he was really pleased if he was a nice curate," Talbot insisted. "It was all done to please him, you see."

"But he was very sorry for the other girl, and he would have liked to know her perhaps," Cicely returned with deliberation. "It was very mean of the big girl, but perhaps the other was afraid of her, you see."

"The other girl shouldn't have brought that dress," declared Talbot. "It was all his,—her fault from the beginning. She shouldn't have provoked them by wanting to get to know the curates and so have put temptation in their way."

"But only really dishonest people take advantage," said Cicely rebukingly. "The schoolmistress and the nurse didn't steal things when they went to see the other curates. They were really straightforward people."

"Was the curate,—I mean did he tell his aunt and uncle that he went fishing with the big girl?" asked Talbot slyly.

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Cicely loftily. She, however, had seen his point clearly and her manner became increasingly dignified.

Talbot understood that his retort had gone home, so he forbore to press it further. "Everybody would have done what the big girl did. The schoolmistress and the nurse both wanted to find the portmanteau so that they might hide it again,—only they didn't get the chance," he ended with an unrepentant chuckle.

"I don't think that makes it any better,"—Cicely was severe—"and the dress might have suited them better too."

Talbot ignored this return to the original indictment. "If you really want my opinion about the big girl," he said determinedly, "I think she was quite right. She took it away to prevent the others meddling about with curates."

"That's not a very nice way of putting it," protested Cicely demurely.

But Talbot was not to be interrupted. "It's the fact," he averred. "They didn't go down to be bothered with curates,—quite right too. Of course, when the big girl met the curate, that was different. She just used the portmanteau because—" he hesitated and was on the verge of abandoning narrative in the third person.

"Now you're trying to steal my story," Cicely objected; "that's too bad of you."

"I'm only giving you my opinion," he returned, "as you asked me to."

"It's rather a hasty opinion," she considered, "and you don't seem a bit sorry for the girl who lost her portmanteau. The curate was very sorry for her indeed; he told his aunt so."

"What did his aunt say?" Talbot enquired in some alarm.

"His aunt said she would introduce him to the other girl, and the curate thought he would be sure to like her; he felt so sorry for her." Cicely's voice expressed volumes of orthodox compassion.

"Oh, did he?" Talbot was indignant, but he reflected that the introduction had not yet taken place, which in some measure consoled him. "You've not come to the end though," he added.

"You don't deserve to hear the end," she decreed; "you don't think of anybody but the big girl."

"On the contrary," Talbot asserted; "I've been thinking all the time of the

curate, and how nice it was of him to understand and forgive her."

"I never said he did that," Cicely returned.

"But he did though," Talbot insisted confidently.

"I think you might leave me my own story," Cicely pretended injury.

"I only wanted to find an end for it," he pleaded.

Cicely was silent for a moment. "Isn't that a fish biting?" she eventually digressed.

Talbot did not even turn to look. "Some stories shouldn't have an end," he went on slowly, "except the old ending which isn't one."

Cicely smiled shyly. However, she evaded his meaning. "The curate said the big girl must give the portmanteau back. He didn't approve of borrowed plumes."

"Or stolen sweets?" asked Talbot.

"If you like to put it that way," Cicely admitted serenely.

"He never told his aunt and uncle, you know," Talbot explained.

"He liked to be thought a good angler; it was very natural of him," she said for the defence.

"Very," Talbot conceded, "but unusual. That's why he was so nice, of course."

"It's very unusual for curates to be nice, do you mean?"

"Nothing is so unusual as to be natural. To be natural is to be nice, and I must say I like a natural curate," he ended politely.

"Have you been making an epigram?" Cicely asked suspiciously.

"I apologize," he said; "it's the fault of the curate." Cicely looked for elucidation. "Nice ones make one feel so delightfully young," he explained.

"And only very young people make epigrams? The big girl was not very young," she said reprovingly. "But," she resumed, "don't you think she ought to give back the portmanteau?"

"That depends," said Talbot judicially.

"On what?"

"On the end of the story," he answered.

"I think she ought," Cicely continued; "and I've decided what she ought to do besides."

"I expect she has decided too," Talbot said firmly.

"I must be going back now," Cicely prepared to rise.

Talbot humored her. A few moments were occupied in disposing the perch in the basket. Then Cicely delivered her parting shot. "And the big

Macmillan's Magazine.

girl ought to bring the other to the curate's aunt when she's given back the portmanteau." With that she accepted his hand and got up.

Talbot laughed. "You have forgotten one thing," he said. "The big girl didn't know the curate's aunt. Your story will have to be developed a little before that. To-morrow afternoon?" he questioned after a slight pause.

Cicely nodded.

"Then the curate wasn't really angry at all," he declared triumphantly.

"No nice curate ought to be *angry*," said Cicely, and disappeared round the corner of the mill.

(To be continued.)

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENTERTAINER.

We are told by Boswell that Dr. Johnson advocated public amusements, and their friend Goldsmith shows his interest in theatrical matters. Thus we find him consorting with a strolling player in the Park, and, at the price of a steak and tankard of ale, drawing from him the story of his adventures. His chance acquaintance has captivated the country ladies in the dashing part of Sir Harry Wildair, and aspires to be the first actor in Europe, but has had to be content with the rôle of Merry Andrew to a puppet show. Such are the vicissitudes of fortune. Finally, he has quarrelled with his master, and they part company—the one to sell his puppets to the pin-cushion makers in Rosemary Lane, and the other to starve in St. James's Park. In spite of his misfortunes, Goldsmith's companion was a merry fellow, but the picture of the unsuccessful actor's downfall is a pathetic one.

This form of entertainment seems to have been popular in those days, for

Steele in the *Tatler* rebukes the fair sex for deserting the opera to run "gadding after a puppet show," and he complains that Punchinello has deprived Signior Nicolini of his accustomed audience. In levelling his sarcasms at the growth of sectarianism in England, Addison employs a curious illustration, which was doubtless intended to appeal to the imagination of his readers, from their devotion to such exhibitions. He gives a humorous description of an itinerant wax-work show in Germany, representative of all the religions of Great Britain, in which symbolical figures of Popery, with tawdry display, Presbytery, with wry face, and Judaism, with its proverbial love of money, were included. Several of the pieces were moved by clockwork, to the immense delight of the spectators. In one of his essays in the *Lounger*, Henry Mackenzie announces the important fact that the Speaking Automaton or *Poupée Parlante*, which had appeared before the most select audiences both on the Con-

continent and in England, was intending to visit the Scottish capital during the ensuing season, and he quotes instances of her marvellous power of answering any questions put to her. There is a showman who exhibits the doll, and this is obviously a case of ventriloquism. It was the aim of these polite essayists to direct the public taste in such matters, and further allusions to popular amusements might be quoted from their works.

It is a mistake to suppose, as doubtless many people do, that the late lamented Corney Grain was the originator of that particular kind of entertainment with which his name will ever be associated. His predecessors may not be so numerous as those who have followed in his footsteps, but Charles Dibdin, writing so far back as 1787, states that musical recitations were then quite common, and were given with great success. The pioneer of single-handed performances was Samuel Foote, who turned his marvellous talent for mimicry to profitable account. Having failed as an actor, he opened the Haymarket Theatre in 1747 with a concert, a short farce, and a piece of his own writing, entitled *The Diversions of the Morning*. He introduced several well-known characters in real life, and imitated not only their tones of voice, but even their very dress, to perfection. It was a bold experiment, and his life can hardly have been free from danger, for gentlemen were not then scrupulous of the means they employed to rid themselves of an obnoxious adversary. Midnight brawls and stabs were not infrequent. Johnson, indeed, inquired of Davies the price of an oak stick. He was so incensed at Foote's bad taste that he promised to thrash him if he took him off; but his good humor returned, for he found "the dog so comical" on meeting him at dinner that he was obliged to throw himself

back on his chair and laugh it out. Foote burlesqued the style of every actor of note on the English stage, and he satirized with savage glee a certain physician remarkable for his eccentricity and singular appearance. The Westminster magistrates, egged on by the outraged players, at first opposed his performances under their powers for limiting the number of theatres, and then Foote thought of the ingenious device of asking his friends "to take a dish of tea with him in the morning." Tickets for this purpose were obtained, evidently in a surreptitious way, at George's Coffee House, Temple Bar; and the invitation cards announced that "Sir Dilbury Diddle will be there and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised," a hint that his recitation was regarded with favor in high circles. The name of the piece was suppressed, and, influence having been brought to bear on the local authorities, Foote was permitted to carry on his entertainment to crowded audiences. The next season he gave a sketch entitled *An Auction of Pictures*, with several new characters, including Sir Thomas de Viel, a J. P. for Westminster; Mr. Cock, a celebrated auctioneer, (we can imagine what a wonderful display he made with this worthy's hammer); and the notorious preacher known as Orator Henley, who was the butt of all the wits, scribblers, and caricaturists of the day. This Henley must have been a useful subject for Foote's gibes. Like his imitator, he was possessed of boundless impudence. He patronized the butchers of Newport Market, was ridiculed by Pope in the *Dunciad* "as a decent priest where monkeys were the gods," and was cited before the Privy Council in the '45 for laughing at Hering, Archbishop of York, who had armed his clergy against the Pretender. In humor Foote is said to have been irresistible, but his perform-

ance entirely lacked refinement and good feeling, and in this respect he is a complete contrast to the kindly humorist of the last century.

The career of George Alexander Stevens is similar to that of Foote. He was a London tradesman, who failed on the stage in the same way, and endeavored to earn a precarious livelihood by writing burlesques and skits. Then he hit upon a brilliant idea. He would satirize contemporary follies, not as Addison and Steele in print, but *coram populo*. He also hired the Haymarket Theatre, in 1764, gave his famous "Lecture on Heads," and soon became a rich man. He toured the provinces, went to Ireland, and even crossed the Atlantic to amuse the Calvinists of Boston and the Quakers of Philadelphia. His lecture, which is described as a medley of wit and nonsense, was attempted by various actors, including Shuter, but it never produced the same comic effect as when delivered by himself. He had probably read Addison's fantastical dream of the dissection of a beau's head, which, it will be remembered, was found to be stuffed for the most part with "fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods." This essay is full of suggestion, and the subject is capable of much expansion, a fact of which Stevens doubtless took advantage. He must have been endowed with remarkable powers of endurance, since he could entertain an audience for the space of four hours on end. He wrote one successful play, *The Trip to Portsmouth*, and included other humorous sketches with songs and speeches in his *répertoire*, but they did not prove so attractive. He died at Biggleswade in Bedfordshire in 1784, and the eulogistic obituary notice of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine* stated that he was one of the most remarkable characters which this or any other country had ever produced. We wish that his

admirer had been a little more explicit. The art of the entertainer as well as that of the actor passes away with him, and we can but take the writer's word for granted; yet there is no reason to doubt that Stevens knew how to raise a genuine laugh, and that he did in fact add to the gaiety of nations in his generation. And for this our ancestors had reason to be thankful.

In 1775 a third actor followed suit and turned entertainer. This was John Collins, who in the beginning of the last century published a volume of poems under the cumbrous title of "Scripscrapologia, or Collins's Doggerel Dish of All Sorts," which does not appear to be a promising storehouse for the anthologist in search of material. Yet F. T. Palgrave discovered in this collection several pieces which hardly deserve the name of "doggerel," and he included one of them, "the truly noble poem" of *To-morrow*, in his "Golden Treasury." The first stanza of it is as follows:

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm
declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair will afford
for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide
sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er
the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day
hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for To-mor-
row.

Collins was the son of a tailor, and a native of Bath. He first appeared in comic opera and then started his musical entertainments in London. They consisted of songs and anecdotes, mock-heroic speeches and caricatures of Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen. His poetical effusions, "The Downhill of Life," "The Chapter of Kings," and

"The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess," soon became immensely popular. The evening's recital was advertised in the bills as "The Brush," and the origin of this quaint title has caused some speculation. It has been maintained that the name was an appropriate one, because Collins was a miniature painter. In any case the suggestion is far-fetched, and as a matter of fact he is not known to have adopted this profession. The probable solution is that Collins hoped to "brush" away the cares and troubles of his audience by entertaining them with good music and an account of the foibles and absurdities of the age. He usually gave his great song of "Tomorrow," and introduced imitations of Garrick and his own predecessors, Foote and Stevens, with such subjects as the butchery of blank verse, provincial dialects, stage fools, parish clerks, and political barbers. When he died in 1808 he had accumulated a considerable competence by his exertions, and he seems to have reaped the benefit of the peaceful and contented old age which, as his poem suggests, was the height of his ambition.

The author of "Tom Bowling" and many other songs of the sea holds a high place in the ranks of social entertainers. Charles Dibdin was a versatile genius. He was actor, composer, vocalist, and theatrical manager, as well as poet and reciter. He played for Rich at Covent Garden, and subsequently at Birmingham and Drury Lane. He produced two operas, *The Waterman* and *The Quaker*, and he sang and accompanied himself on his own instrument. He was the originator of what was known in the refined language of the Georgian era as the "equestrian drama." In 1782 he built the Royal Circus on the site of the Surrey Theatre in Blackfriars, but it was soon closed by order of the licensing magistrates. He tells us in his

Memoirs that horsemanship was then much admired, and his ambitious scheme for the amusement of the public included jousts and tilting matches in the ring illustrative of the ancient deeds of chivalry, and spectacular displays on the stage. Dibdin's unsettled mode of life in London rendered it necessary for him to go farther afield, and he resolved to tour the provinces as sole performer with a view to supplement his income, which was at the best of times precarious. In 1787 he published at Sheffield an account of his "Musical Tour," which extended over fourteen months. The greater part of the narrative is composed of chatty letters to various correspondents recording his impressions of the country through which he passed, and of the people whom he met on the road. Starting off on a stage-coach, he found the conversation of his fellow-passengers somewhat commonplace. They all admired the entrance to Sion House, and sighed for human depravity on contemplating the gibbets upon Hounslow Heath. Leaving Oxford, he arrived in due course at Bath, where he made his first public appearance to a meagre audience of thirty-eight persons totally devoid of enthusiasm. "Heaven defend me," exclaims the poor man, "from such a set of insipid, vague, unmeaning countenances!" All his *bons mots* and *jeux d'esprit* were received with "a vacant gravity, an unfeeling stare, and a milk-and-water indifference." Utterly disgusted, he soon quitted this region of fashion and dulness, and reached Gloucester; but he had poor hopes of this place, for several unexpected bankruptcies had thrown the town into indescribable confusion and gloom, so he thought it wise to avoid the hazardous experiment of an entertainment. He immediately hired a chaise and posted off to Cheltenham, where his luck was just as bad. It was then the month

of April; few visitors had as yet arrived, and he only met with a sick lord, an old maid, and a monkey. He slept there one night in a damp bed, and hurried on to Worcester. But we cannot follow him farther in his adventures, although it may be mentioned that he visited Leeds, Litchfield, Liverpool, Nottingham, Cambridge, and other places in the course of his tour. As he proceeded to the larger towns he found that the audiences were more appreciative. Now and then he had squabbles with the local authorities. The Mayor of Huntingdon, whilst regretting his inability as a magistrate to sanction his performance without a license, blandly told him that he would attend it as a man and call the attention of his friends to it.

Although the venture was not on the whole successful, this was hardly Dibdin's fault. Provincial audiences are not, as a rule, gifted with much sense of humor, and he found more scope for the display of his talents in London. In his *Recollections*, published in 1826, John O'Keeffe, the Irish dramatist, records his impressions of the entertainment, which he saw in the Strand, and which he thought most excellent. "His manner of coming upon the stage," he writes, "was in happy style; he ran on sprightly and with nearly a laughing face, like a friend who enters hastily to impart to you some good news." What pleased O'Keeffe more than anything else was the fact that Dibdin was "his own band." In a letter addressed to a clerical correspondent, whose name he has thought it best to suppress, Dibdin pictures himself seated upon his platform with his pianoforte before him, mustering up a patient or contented smile, according as the number in the room happened to be small or large. After a few introductory remarks on the nature of his perform-

ance, he began with an imitation of a Frenchman, who advised him to fill his programme with dances, and an Italian, who boasted that it was as easy to make music by receipt as macaroni. He next introduced a set of jovial fellows, including a hard-drinking commodore, an inventive speculator, a wild Irishman, an unsuccessful poet, and a tuft-hunter, who all converse. They are supposed to be companions in misfortune, who determine to be merry and to laugh away the rest of their lives. So amidst liberal potations they pass the evening with music and anecdote. The commodore, who reminds one of Captain Mirvan in *Evelina*, sings a song in praise of grog and is the most spirited of the group. Then followed reminiscences of Garrick and other actors, and the programme ended with a masquerade, in which kings and queens, poets and scholars, lawyers and statesmen, Quakers and sailors took part, all of whom were marshalled in turn by the puppet showman. "The Whim of the Moment" was perhaps the best known of his entertainments, but "Oddities," "The Wags," and "Sans Souci," in which he sang several of his naval ditties, were equally popular. Dibdin appeared at Hutchin's Auction Rooms, King Street, Covent Garden, at the Lyceum, and in the Strand, and he did not retire till 1805, when a small pension was granted to him as the reward of the Ministry to the sailors' laureate. He wrote, chiefly at the instigation of the Government, innumerable patriotic but sentimental ballads of the sea, such as "Poor Jack," "Ben Backstay," "Twas in the good ship Rover," and "I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy"; and Pitt is said to have regarded him as a most valuable recruiting officer for the navy, which was then in sore need of sailors. It is certain that Dibdin rendered the duties of the press-gang less onerous, but when the men were

safely on board a man-o'-war it is to be feared that they did not find the life so easy and pleasant as he had painted it.

As has been mentioned, feats of horsemanship were much in vogue in the eighteenth century, and Philip Astley succeeded in an enterprise which had proved disastrous to Dibdin and others. In 1759, when a youth of seventeen, he left his home at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and enlisted in Elliot's Light Horse, a crack dragoon regiment. He was soon appointed sergeant-major and riding instructor, and distinguished himself at Emsdorff, where he captured a French standard, and at Friedburg, where he assisted, under a heavy fire, in rescuing the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who was lying wounded and cut off by the enemy. He obtained his discharge after seven years' service, and General Elliot, loth to lose his trooper, presented him with a fine charger, which soon afterwards made its appearance before the public as the Spanish Horse. Astley's first performances were given in a field near Glover's Halfpenny Hatch in Lambeth, his stud consisting of the General's gift and another horse, which he purchased for five pounds. He exhibited his skill as a rider at fairs and markets throughout the country, and, when engagements were scarce, piled his original trade of cabinet-making. He next hired a timber-yard close to Westminster Bridge; the seats were imperfectly roofed over with canvas, and the ring itself was open to the sky. In course of time he was able to add to the comfort of his patrons and he duly announced by means of handbills that his building had been made quite weather-proof, and that "slight showers would not interfere with the programme." In 1775 he and his wife gave an equestrian performance at Drury Lane at the jubilee celebrations in honor of Shakespeare, a somewhat

incongruous choice on the part of the management of that theatre. Hitherto Astley had appeared almost unsupported. He had now amassed a large sum, and was able to open the Amphitheatre Riding House with a company of riders, tumblers, and acrobats. He had for some years past given a miscellaneous entertainment in Piccadilly of comic dancing, conjuring tricks, and performing dogs, and he transferred this show to his new house in Lambeth.

Here are some of the items from one of Astley's bills: Horsemanship by Mr. Astley, Mr. Taylor, Signor Markutchy, Miss Vangable, and other transcendent performers; A comical musical piece called *The Awkward Recruit*; The amazing exhibitions of the dancing dogs from France and Italy and other genteel parts of the Globe; Tumbling and other unaccountable exercises by Signor Bellmott, to which will be added a new pantomime, called *Harlequin Puzzle 'em*. Astley was without a license for his amphitheatre, and he was committed to prison for performing illegally. He was, however, soon released, and obtained the necessary permit through the good offices of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whose daughters Astley had taught to ride. He improved his circus by adding a stage to the ring, and renamed it the Royal Grove. When the season was over in London, he took his troupe to Dublin and Paris, and established amphitheatres in both places. His son exhibited his feats of skill and agility before the Court of Versailles, and Louis XVI., struck by his handsome appearance, presented him with a gold medal set in diamonds, and gave him the name of the English Rose.

The vigor and enterprise of Astley were inexhaustible. He was always projecting new schemes, and may be described as a typical man of action. He established boat-races and floating

baths in the Thames, and he started fire-work displays from barges moored in the centre of the river off Lambeth. He returned as a veteran trooper to the Continent, and served again with distinction under the Duke of York. In August 1794 his circus in London was burnt down; he obtained leave of absence, and by Easter Monday of the following year a more magnificent house, which he called the Amphitheatre of Arts, had sprung up in its place—surely a remarkable achievement for those easy-going days. He was patronized by royalty. A story is current, for the truth of which I will not, however, vouch, that when George III. was passing his theatre with the Duke of York after witnessing the disembarkation of the army at the conclusion of the war, he received the salute of the manager, who was mounted upon a fine charger in full uniform.

"Who is that, Frederick?" inquired the King.

"Mr. Astley, sir," replied the Duke, "one of our good friends—a veteran—one that fought in the German war."

Whereupon the Sovereign honored the equestrian with a most gracious bow, to his immense delight. It would be tedious to describe in detail all Astley's undertakings, some of which

The Gentleman's Magazine.

proved unfortunate, others successful. He constructed as many as nineteen amphitheatres, all under his personal supervision, and it is amusing to read the account of his methods given by a member of his company, who writes that he was to be found at his post in all weathers, "drilling the men at their work as if he had been training a regiment of soldiers for the rigid duties of a winter's campaign." He became very popular by admitting soldiers of all ranks to his performances gratis. He was the best horse-tamer of his day, and he made himself indispensable to the Government by supervising the shipping of horses at different ports for the war. It is a pity that the veteran did not live to hear of Waterloo, but he died in the year before that great event. Astley's programme was a varied one, and it is likely that he was the means of introducing many actors to the stage. We know that towards the close of the eighteenth century Edmund Kean ran away from home to Bartholomew Fair, acted as a tumbler in Saunder's Circus, and gave an entertainment of recitations, singing, and acrobatic feats at the Sans Souci Theatre in Leicester Place before he discovered his true bent in the classical drama.

George A. Sinclair.

A LADY OF THE OLD REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

When Hugh Campbell came home from fighting under Marlborough in France he found his father three days in his grave and himself Chieftain of Locharn. He brought a brilliant reputation home with him, for, young as he was, he was an experienced soldier, and had fought at Ramillies when he was a boy in his teens. Yet that seemed little to him, when he found the old grim castle of his childhood

empty of the last one of his family. It seemed strange to him, too, after eight years' experience of the world, both in camps and in courts, to find himself back in the wild north country, with its barbarous ways and the little petty feuds and warrings that had been hot before he went away,—so strange, indeed, that he was at first like a foreigner on his own lands and among his own people.

He had not been two weeks in Locharn, however, when all the old fierce clan spirit that of late years had been somewhat tempered was roused in him again. The cause of this was neither more nor less than a letter from his father's old enemy, Maclean of Scorry, proposing to patch up the ancient feud that was between them and be done with it forever. The letter was full of smooth words,—too fair and smooth for one who had bitter memories of Maclean and his ways; and it ended with the proposal—for it came to no less—that the old disputes should be settled by a union between the families. "I have no son," wrote the wily chief, "and my lass Isobel will be my heiress, and I would be weel content if things were put to rights as was the fashion of old time, when there was a weel-faured, weel-dowered lass on the one side and a gentleman of Sir Hugh Campbell's distinguished reputation on the other."

Locharn was amazed at the impudence of the man. Here was he scarce home after eight years' absence, and there were meeting him on every side tales of what his clan had suffered in that time at the hands of Maclean of Scorry. There was a township in Locharn hardly yet done smoking after a raid his barbarous followers had made on it, and it was not six months since the man who wrote so friendly had taken the law into his hands, after the fashion that was lingering yet in these parts, and hanged three of the Campbell men to the Scorry trees for the crows to pick at. Ay, and if Locharn could have forgiven these things, there were old bitter memories of his boyhood—of plottings and schemings Maclean had made against his father—that he could not forgive, and the remembrance of them made his blood boil when he looked at the smooth words on the paper, and thought of the man who would make an end of the whole

thing with easy compliments and the offer of a Maclean bride.

Sir Hugh sent back a short sharp answer to Scorry's letter. He said to himself with a grim smile that he would get no more such from the same quarter. Yet he was sure the thing was not done with altogether, and the more he considered it the more he was puzzled by it. He could not come at the gain that Maclean of Scorry expected to make by having himself for a son-in-law, and yet he knew very well that some gain must have been in his mind, though he could not fathom it, and at last he put the matter from him, expecting that time would throw light on it.

Time and Rumor brought him tales in plenty of the Macleans, father and daughter,—how they were hot Jacobites both of them, and how the castle of Scorry, high on its wave-beaten rock, was the fostering-place of half the plots that were framed against Queen Anne. The lass, but newly home from a convent in France, was already known, it seemed, for a beauty, and yet Locharn was not drawn by the accounts he heard of her, for she was said to be her father's right hand, and to have the temper and the tongue of the Macleans, which was saying she would make a stormy wife for any man. Moreover, she was rumored to be as much at home on a horse's back as a boy might be, and to be as skilful with a pistol as other women would be with a bodkin. Altogether, it was not a very likable picture of a lassie that all he heard of her left in young Sir Hugh Campbell's mind, and it was far indeed from his own image of what a woman should be. That, to tell the truth, came from his never-to-be-forgotten memory of the sweet saint who was his mother. It was a sad and solemn thing to the new Chief of Locharn to go into her chamber after his long absence, and to find there no

change save the one great change, that it was empty of her who had adorned it. For the rest, the tapestry of her own embroidery hung still upon the walls, and her very chair and footstool and the table with her Bible and little books of devotion stood as he remembered them. He was not so hardened by the years that he could look on them dry-eyed. "God grant," said he to himself in all honesty, "that if ever wife of mine comes to Locharn, she may be like her that was here before her."

For two years after Sir Hugh's homecoming the country was full of the whisperings of Jacobite plots. Then Queen Anne died, and King George was proclaimed so peacefully that many were surprised; and the country seemed to be settling into security at last, when of a sudden the Highlands were all ablaze with the fire of rebellion, and Locharn found himself back at his old work of soldiering, with every fighting man of his house at his back. He did good service for King George in these days; but his clan fought not for one king or the other, but to have a blow at their old enemies, and especially at the Macleans of Scorry, who, indeed, suffered more than any others at the battle of Sheriffmuir, so that when the whole thing was over, and the blaze put out, and King Jamie was away over-seas again, it was but a broken remnant of Scorry's men that went back to their homes.

Scorry himself was counted so dangerous an enemy to the Government, that a price was offered for his person; and it chanced that it was Sir Hugh Campbell who was intrusted with the work of apprehending him. He was not unwilling to undertake it, for he had heard and known enough of the man since he came home to make the contempt and distaste of him that he learned in his boyhood ten times stronger. Fair words that covered a

foul intent, smooth appearances that had a trap beneath them, open dealings and then a stab in the dark,—these were Maclean's ways, as the Campbells had learned to their cost time and again. Locharn thought grimly in these days of the letter he had received three years before, and of the plan behind it that had come out at last, and which was just to win himself and his sword and his military experience to the cause of the Pretender,—ay, and if that had failed, to help Scorry out of such a difficulty as he had come into now, when a Whig son-in-law might have turned out very advantageous.

It was on an evening in late autumn that he got news of Maclean's presence in his own castle of Scorry, where he was said to be lying concealed until such time as he could get away to France; and Sir Hugh lost no time in taking the road there, with a score of armed men behind him. With him rode one who was unarmed, James Campbell, called the Preacher, who was his distant kinsman, and had been chaplain to his regiment in France,—a shrewd merry man, with a great scar on his broad face that he got carrying Locharn off the field at Malplaquet when he was all but mortally hurt.

"What about the lassie, Hugh?" said he as they rode, picking their way cautiously because of the badness of the roads. "Think you she's at Scorry yet? I would not wish to see a woman where there's fighting. The work is too rough for them—though I've seen brave ones too in my day."

The chief laughed. "This one thinks little of it, by all accounts," he answered. "There's not a more dangerous Jacobite in the countryside than herself."

"Well," said the Preacher dryly, "that is what she would not be if she had seen all I have. I have known fighting and warring all my days, God knows, but I never saw the murdering

of women and children and unarmed men that I saw under the last Stewart. Ah, lad! the days of the Persecution are an old song to you, but to me they are bitter yet. I can feel the very cold of the nights in the kirkyard of Greyfriars, when there was a musket-shot at our ears if we as much as raised our heads above the level of the tombstones. I was a strong young man then, but there were poor souls in an evil case among us, and when I think of it I pray God we have seen the last of Stewart rule. Ah, they were bad times."

"Bad times indeed, cousin," said Locharn. "I think our own are better. And for me, all I ask is a fair field and a clean fight, and Heaven bless the winner."

"And, eh man!" he cried, sniffing at the wind, "do you not get the smell of the sea? There's some pleasure in a night ride in the old country."

It was the gray dawn of the morning when the company came in sight of the castle of Scorry and heard the waves breaking below its walls. It stood at the far edge of a rocky promontory, and was defended on three sides by the sea and on the fourth by a steep brae up which the path went crookedly. On the top was a considerable space of level ground, and on one side of the castle a garden had been made of recent years. The building itself was an odd-shaped pile, and at one time had been strongly fortified. At the back was an old round tower no longer in use, but connected with the more modern house by a short passage or bridge of stone, which was uncovered at the top, and left a kind of archway beneath. There was no sight or sound of any one when Locharn and his men rode into the courtyard. If the chief of the Macleans was in Scorry, it was clear he did not expect visitors.

"Open in the king's name," cried Sir Hugh, and the Campbells hammered on

the great door till they made noise enough to waken the dead. There was no answer from within, however, and those outside were weary hammering, and were about to take stronger measures to get entrance, when at last there was a great fumbling at the lock inside, a rattling of chains and of bolts, and the door was thrown open.

An old gray-headed serving-man stood in it shaking with fright, his wrinkled face the color of parchment, and his eyes blood-shot and blinking at the dawn.

"Is your master here?" Locharn called out to him. "Is Mr. Maclean in Scorry?"

The man stammered out that he was not, and his disturbance seemed so great that Sir Hugh made sure he was lying. He called to some one to keep hold of him, and pushed past him into the great hall, that was all dim and shadowy yet, because it was so early. There he found emptiness and silence, but on the oaken table were traces of a recent meal which seemed to show that the chief was in the castle. Yet before long he began to be doubtful of that, for each passage and chamber that he entered held only the same emptiness and desolation, and except the one, there was not so much as a servant—man or woman—to be seen anywhere.

The old man who had opened the door protested that he was alone in the castle, and that Scorry had gone away riding the evening before, and yet his eyes continually followed the Campbells with an anxiety he could not hide, so that Locharn could not but think that Scorry was concealed somewhere, and that the fellow feared he would be discovered. He posted men in the courtyard and at the great door, so that no one could escape from the castle without being seen, and made diligent search through the great building, for he was vexed and angry at the

very thought that he might be baffled in finding the man he was so hot to lay hands on. One of the Campbell men had an old story of a tunnel that ran underground from one of the ancient dungeons, and though Sir Hugh placed little credit on it, it made him the more speedy in the search.

As for the Preacher, he took no part in the work, but set the old serving-man to get a meal for the company, for the night ride had been long and the men were in need of food; and the man went about his task white and trembling, and with such grief and trouble in his face that Mr. James could not but pity him.

Locharn was alone when he made the first discovery that was made. It was in no cellar or dungeon, but on the third story of the castle. He came upon a locked door, the first he had met with, and finding it at the end of a dark passage and protected by a curtain, he was hot to have it opened; and as it was a slight wooden thing, he put his shoulders to it and burst it in. Then in a moment he stood abashed within the threshold, for the small chamber into which he had come so rudely was a chamber of death, and on a bed before him lay the body of an old worn woman, her hands still clutching the blanket she had caught in the death-grip. Hardly conscious that he did so, he took the bonnet from his head and stood a moment wondering, his eyes travelling round the room. The place was empty of any presence, and yet from the red ashes in the fireplace to the woman's cloak thrown carelessly over a chair, everything had the look of occupation. Sir Hugh's eyes came to the window, and he crossed over to it and looked out, and there in front of him was the old round tower that was not to be seen from the front entrance, and down below him was the narrow bridge that joined it to the building he was in. At once

his mind sprang to the thought that here was a possible hiding-place for Scorry, and in another minute he had found the small stone stair that led down to it, and he gave a whistle to call his men to him. He ran down the stair that was narrow and had little windows here and there looking out to the tower, red now in the dawn, and to the sea washing up to the rocks at the foot of it, and at one of these he stopped of a sudden, for there, quite close to him now, but across the bridge, a woman stepped out from the tower and drew the heavy door of it behind her. He saw her put all her strength to the effort of turning the key in the lock, and with some guess of what she wished to do and her reason for doing it, Locharn sent the hilt of his sword smashing at the window-glass, and in the instant he was leaning from the opening. At the sound the girl started and turned, and, drawing the key from the lock, she looked about her, holding it in her hand, and sent a glance to the window and another over the railing of the bridge to the sheer rock and the sea, and quick as lightning she raised her hand over her head. Sir Hugh did then what shamed him afterwards to remember, and yet in the hot moment, when his blood was up, and he was in full cry, as it were, after his quarry, what never gave him a thought. He raised the pistol that was in his hand and leveled it at her. "Stop!" he called out loudly, "or I shoot." It was then he saw the kind of lassie he was speaking to; and the memory of her standing there on the narrow stone bridge in the red dawn—her dark head outlined against the tower, her wonderful face framed in wind-blown hair—was with him to his dying day. She turned full to him looking up, her hand still raised in the air, and her eyes ablaze with a kind of high scorn and defiance such as he had never seen the like of.

"Shoot and be damned!" she cried out to him, and flung the key with full force over the rock.

Hugh's hand dropped, and he fired out to sea. "You are brave," he said, and could not take his eyes off her. "You are brave," he cried again. He saw in the instant that this could be no other than Isobel Maclean, Scorry's daughter—for her air and bearing, not to speak of her extraordinary beauty, left him no doubt of that.

"Who are you?" she cried tauntingly, "that would threaten a woman."

The red showed under the brown of Locharn's skin. He had the hot temper of his house, and he did not like the position in which he found himself.

"Madam," said he shortly, "I am Hugh Campbell of Locharn,—if you have heard the name."

She gave a great start at that, and her face, that was white with a long night-watch by the bed of death, flamed suddenly.

"I have heard it to my cost," she said bitterly, and came in at the door below him. He drew back abashed, and went down the few steps to meet her.

"Madam!" said he, reddening and stammering, "will you pardon the foolish threat of a hasty man?"

"That should be neither asked nor granted between your house and mine," she cried proudly, and went by him up the stair.

Sir Hugh stood a moment looking after her. Then he called again on his followers, and for the next half hour their work was to break open the door that the lady had locked. There was now, they found, no other way of entrance to the tower, and Locharn chafed at the delay. They were in at last, but the place had fallen into such ruins that it was no easy matter to walk in it, and they had to go slowly and cautiously because of great gaps in the stairs and in the flooring. All was silence and emptiness,

but down below at the foundation Sir Hugh found what he had begun to suspect he would find. This was just the secret tunnel the Campbell man had heard the rumor of. It was not now so secret as it was evident it had once been, for the entrance to it was quite open. Locharn and his men followed it out to the end, and came to a hole in the rocks above the sea. The growth of heather and bracken in the brae-face was broken down there, but there was no other sign of the fugitives. It was evident that for the meantime, at least, Scorry was escaped.

It was mid-day before Sir Hugh called a halt in the search, and when he came back weary and hungry and not over-pleased to the castle, he found the Preacher a little more hot in admiring Miss Isobel Maclean than he was just in the humor for at the moment. Mr. James had seen the lady herself for a few moments, and from what he could piece together of what she had told him, and from what the old half-doited serving-man let out, it appeared that there was some cause for admiring her. The woman who lay dead in the castle had been her nurse, and some ten days ago she had fallen sick of a catching fever, and the Macleans, who had more terror of such sickness than of the most bloody battle, had fled from the place, man and woman, save Miss Isobel and the old bodach¹ who was husband to the poor stricken creature, and the girl had nursed her day and night and would not leave her till she died, which was that morning at the very time the Campbells were hammering at the door.

"As for Scorry," said Mr. James, "my belief is that he has another hiding-place on the estate, and that he only came here last night for a good meal, and escaped us, as you say, by the lassie's trick with the key."

¹ Old man.

"I think that myself," said Locharn, "from the information I had."

"She is a most beautiful lassie," Mr. James added, his mind running on the subject, "and there is something about her very fine and courageous, but from what I saw of her I cannot say she is very agreeable. She wishes to go to-day to her kinsman, Sir Alexander Mathieson, at Kintraid, and I promised I would let you know of that."

Sir Hugh had reasons to wish she had chosen to go farther away, for Kintraid stood on a high promontory that by water was not three miles from Scorry, though by land the distance might be more than three times as much because of the long arm of the sea that ran in between the two points. He said nothing of that, however, but asked Mr. James if he would ride with the lady, and the Preacher replied that he would be very willing.

Locharn was in the courtyard when they started, and although hardly a remark passed between himself and Miss Isobel, and the lady held her head very high, yet they behaved with a formal courtesy, and Sir Hugh stood bare-headed while she rode away with Mr. James. He went immediately afterwards to the room where lay the dead woman, and it surprised and affected him to see that all there had been set in order by the girl herself, the poor worn body being wrapped decently in a linen shroud.

The Campbells were now quartered about Scorry for nearly a week, scouring every hill and hollow for the Maclean chief, and all without success. Yet Sir Hugh was very sure he was in the neighborhood, and he was confirmed in this belief when a lad was found in the hills carrying a creel of such provisions as would be necessary for Scorry and whoever might be in his company. A ship also appeared out to sea that had the look of a French lug-

ger, and Locharn set a close watch upon the shore lest any boat might put out to it. The weather, however, was dull, and misty with rain, so that all traces of the ship were soon lost, and it was not easy to make sure that the man would not get away after all.

Sir Hugh's mind was somewhat upset in those days. His distaste of Maclean of Scorry, and his hot resentment against him for all the injuries he had done himself and his clan in the past, was not less than it had been; but he had a new image of the man's daughter set side by side in his mind with the old idea he had formed of her. The circumstances in which he had seen her, and her great beauty and noble spirit, and the woman's faith and tenderness she had shown to a poor dying creature, so wrought on him that it was not over-pleasant to him to think that he could be the man to bring her father to the block for a traitor. Yet this being so, and the man being a dangerous man to the Government, he felt his honor only the more engaged not to slacken his search for him. Indeed he would have felt it to be a blot upon his reputation as a soldier to be moved from his work by the influence of any woman,—and this one, moreover, was no more to him at the most than a fair picture.

The weather continued much the same for about a week, the countryside being soaked through with rain, the roads very boggy, and rain-mists covering the hills and hanging continually over the sea-loch. Mr. James went east on a business of his own, and Hugh Campbell, who was ever hot for action, began to find it weary work to be hunting Scorry, like a partridge on the mountains. It was in the darkening of the sixth day after coming to the place that he had occasion to go riding on the road to Kintraid, and not requiring to go more than a couple of miles, and being well armed, he

took no one with him. The evening promised to be clear. The rain had ceased, the mist gave signs of lifting, and the moon, that had been hidden of late, showed itself for a moment now and then, swimming in clouds. A good breeze was blowing off the land, and the wash of the waves on the shore below the road sounded in his ears as he rode.

He had not gone a mile when he came suddenly on a pony, with a rider on its back, standing by the side of the road, and he called out to know who was there; and the next moment he was off his horse and standing in the path, for, dim as the light was, he made out the face and figure of Scorry's daughter. He cried out her name, and she turned a startled white face to him. "Locharn!" she said, drawing a sharp breath and looking at him with dismay in her eyes. She gathered up the reins of her beast, and was for passing him, but checked herself at once.

"Locharn," she said, speaking in a voice with an appeal in it that moved him as no voice of young or old had ever so moved him before, "I came out to see my father. He is in hiding. You know that. It is not telling you anything to tell you that. I cannot go on now, since I have met you, and those that were with me have left me. Will you do me the kindness to ride back with me to Kintraid?"

She spoke with such haste and trouble of eagerness that Hugh Campbell's mind sprang to the thought that it was Scorry himself she waited for, and that she feared he might come upon them even while they were speaking; and he hesitated, wondering if that were so, and yet eager to ride with her. Before he could speak, she had given the reins to her pony.

"Well," she said lightly and proudly, "I am not afraid. I can ride alone very well," and she was away, and

Locharn's suspicions were with the winds and he mounted his horse and was after her.

At first she urged her pony on with the whip, as though wishful to show the man that followed that she no longer desired his company; but the road was so boggy with the week's rain, that it was impossible to make speed on it, and when he overtook her she had a word for him, and the tones of her voice showed no displeasure. Indeed, as they went on she began to speak so pleasantly that Sir Hugh could not but wonder at the change there was in her since he had spoken with her at the castle of Scorry six days before. At first it pleased him greatly, and he took no thought of past or future, but only of the pleasantness of the moment and of the ride; but before very long he began to think the change in her somewhat too great for his liking. There was in her speech such gaiety and quickness of wit, such seeming forgetfulness of any cause of quarrel between them, that his mind became distracted by a doubt of her. Where was now the hatred of his house that had brought the flush to her cheek at their last meeting? He began to say to himself that she was her father's daughter after all; and his mind harked back to that old smooth letter Scorry had sent him, and he asked himself what part she had in it, and what might be her meaning now. A constraint and silence fell on him, and such gloom came over his spirit at the darkening of the bright image he had formed of the girl in his mind that he could hardly rally himself to reply civilly to her remarks. At last she too was silent, and they rode for a considerable time without saying a word. For the first five or six miles of their way the road had gone inland, away from Scorry, but after they had rounded the head of the loch they faced west again, and rode

among birch-woods to the Point of Kintrald. The sky was now clear, and the moon had risen and rode free of the clouds that had kept the mastery of the night until now. Locharn could see the face of his companion very distinctly, and it was another surprise to him, for there was no trace in it of the lightness and gaiety of her speech, but a look of strain and anxiety. He was little used to women and their ways, and this one puzzled him, for now the very poise of her head and the curve of her lips forced him to think no ill of her, even as her courage had done when he saw her on the castle bridge, and she had used a word he liked ill to hear from a woman.

Scorry's daughter broke in herself upon his thoughts. "We are getting near the journey's end," she said, "and I have a thing to say to you. I suppose another woman would not say it, but I do not care anything for that." She spoke defiantly and quickly, and Sir Hugh did not know what to say, and let her speak without interrupting her. "There is an old feud between us," she said. "I have heard of it all my days, and I will not forget it, but it seems my father did that three years ago, when he wrote a letter to you that—" She stopped, and still Hugh could not help her. "Oh, I will clear myself of that, at least," she went on with some passion and bitterness. "I knew nothing of it. He did not know me, when he thought I would be a party to such a peace. I think men are all the same, —they think us of no account except to move about at their will, like the pieces on a chessboard. They did not think of me. I would not betray them though I died, but they did not care though they did that to me." Her voice faltered suddenly, and a swift understanding of the blow Scorry had dealt his motherless lass came upon Hugh, and with it a great heat of admiration.

"I would give ten years of my life to win you," he cried out on the impulse.

The girl gave him a look that accorded ill with the tears in her eyes, and her words went behind his thought like the thrust of steel. "You!" she cried contemptuously. "Do you think I gave you a thought? What I care for is the honor of my own house."

Locharn had not a word, and his thoughts were still in confusion when they came suddenly out of the bushes upon the grassy hill-top over the cliffs at Kintrald. The moon shone white and clear on the water below the rocks, and they saw, close by the Point, what affected them very differently. The girl gave a little cry. "Oh, thank God!" she said, a sob in her voice, "thank God!" But the man had a different thing to say, for there, with the wind full in her sails, and Maclean of Scorry, without doubt, on board of her, was the French ship making for the open sea.

For about two minutes Locharn sat motionless on his horse, looking out over the rocks, for he saw what had happened, and how he had been outwitted by the girl, taken captive, and led out of the way like a silly sheep with a rope about its neck.

"I wish you good-night, madam," he said, in a choked voice, when he had recovered himself a little. "I think you have no further need for me."

Miss Isobel sat erect on her pony, her face very white and proud. "Stay," she said imperiously. "When you saw me at the roadside to-night, my father was not fifty yards away, and the boat was waiting for him on the shore below the road. I heard his steps coming when I rode off, and the one hope I had of saving him was that you would follow me. And that is how I asked a favor of you, Sir Hugh Campbell, and if it has cost you something

that you granted it, it cost me more when I asked it."

Sir Hugh turned his horse's head and took off his bonnet. "Madam," said he roughly, "it has cost me my honor."

Blackwood's Magazine.

"And me two hours of your company," she cried, "so I think we are quits!"

Locharn put spurs to his horse and rode away.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ELECTRIC THEORY OF MATTER.

I read the other day in an eloquent article in one of our leading weekly reviews that the most striking discovery of modern times has been the "transmutation of the elements" and that while the seventy or eighty known elements have long been suspected by philosophers to be compounded from one and the same kind of matter, there has now been observed the actual transformation of uranium into radium, and of radium into helium, and perhaps also into lead. Now in these statements there is very much which is open to question; hence the perusal of this article has suggested to me that many readers of the *Cornhill* might welcome at this moment a brief account of the latest phase of the ever-recurring idea that every bit of matter in every form may consist, really, of the same ultimate material—namely, of the new theory of matter, which suggests that the chemical atoms which make up all matter are constituted solely of systems of electric charges.

As the fate of this latest reading of the riddle of the mystery of matter still lies on the laps of the gods, it may seem to some that the subject is not very well suited for the pages of the *Cornhill*. I believe, however, that those who hold this view are wrong. If we wish cultivated men and women to take a living interest in the progress of science, and to be able, as they very well might be, to avoid falling into such mistakes as those to be found in

the article referred to above, we must not ask them always to be content with the realized knowledge of the text-book and the museum, though these are very good things in their places, but go with them now and then into the workshop and there show them science in the making. This is what I propose to attempt on the present occasion.

Before we enter the theory shop, and endeavor to follow the growth of the "electric theory of matter," I must ask those who go there with me to stay for a moment outside its doors, that we may recall one or two matters of considerable importance. In the first place we must remember that a scientific theory has to perform two distinct functions, viz. to record a larger or smaller number of isolated, or seemingly isolated, facts, and to give us some clear idea of a connection between these facts, so that we may become able to deduce them one from another and predict new facts that may be discovered by means of new experiments suggested by the theory. Secondly, we must remember that a theory, like a tree, is to be judged by its fruits, and that an unproductive theory, like an unfruitful tree, must be cast into the fire. It is very important that we do not forget this, for the hypothesis which forms the subject of this article is as yet incomplete; its fruits have still to be gathered and tested. There is much which suggests that in due course the electric theory of

matter may prove as fruitful as the atomic theory of the nineteenth century, but the electric theory to-day, like the atomic theory a century ago, is still imperfect, still upon its trial. If we may compare it to a tool, we may say that at present we have not the finished tool, but only a rough casting from which, perhaps, a finished tool may be constructed before long.

I need hardly say that it is important also that my readers should have a clear idea what it is the electric theory of matter has to explain. Perhaps we shall best discover how we stand on this point if we ask ourselves the question, What is matter and what are the isolated facts about matter which this theory must co-ordinate? Now, this question is very difficult to answer. Most of us know a good deal about the surface differences which distinguish the myriad forms in which matter presents itself to us, but our real knowledge of its nature and constitution is slight indeed. According to J. S. Mill, matter is "the permanent possibility of sensations." According to W. K. Clifford, it "is a mental picture in which mind-stuff is the thing represented," while "mind-stuff is constituted by feelings which can exist by themselves, without forming part of a consciousness, but are also woven into the complex form of human minds." For our present purpose, however, speculations like these retain only an historic importance. For us, as the late Professor Tait has expressed it, the universe, including matter, has an objective existence, and we become aware of it by the aid of our senses; and, since the evidence of the senses often misleads, we endeavor to sift the mixture of truth and error gained by the use of our senses by the exercise of the reason; for example, by forming theories such as the atomic theory of Dalton and the electric theory of the new physics.

According to the electric theory, matter in all its forms consists, as I have said, of systems of electric charges. This idea is the outcome of the work of the atomist Dalton and his colleagues on the one hand, and of the work of Faraday and his great successors on the other. Broadly speaking, we may say that Dalton re-invented atoms for the use of the chemists; that the physicists, with Prof. J. J. Thomson at their head, discovered the existence of particles, called "electrons," even smaller than atoms; and that the authors of the electric theory hope to establish the nature of the electron, and to discover the relation of the electron to the atom.

It will not be necessary to consider in detail the atomic molecular theory, for this has been fully discussed already in the *Cornhill*.¹ It will be sufficient if we remember that according to chemists matter exists only in the form of a limited number of elements, about eighty of these being known to us; that each of these elements occurs in the form of characteristic minute indestructible particles called "atoms"; and that it was long believed that atoms constituted the smallest existing particles of matter. I suppose that in modern times few investigators have really believed of any given atom that it would exist for ever, or had existed in the past from all eternity. But some of the greatest masters of the modern school, *e.g.* Clerk-Maxwell, have held there is reason to believe that "the creation of an atom is an operation of a kind which is not, so far as we are aware, going on on earth or in the sun or in the stars, either now or since these bodies began to be formed," and must be referred to the epoch of the establishment of the existing order of Nature. The facts known to Clerk-Maxwell when he wrote the above words

¹ See "New Physics and Chemistry," "Weighing Atoms."

gave him no reason to suspect that possibly chemical atoms might now and then undergo disintegration under our noses.

But to-day, though we are as incompetent as ever to create an atom out of nothing, we are no longer quite convinced that atoms are the smallest particles of matter. This does not mean that the molecular atomic theory is used up and ready for the scrap-heap, for the idea of the atom is as necessary and as useful as ever. But atoms no longer seem to us, as to Newton, to be solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, indivisible portions of matter. On the contrary, it has become conceivable that they may consist of constellations of much smaller particles; that they may be built up, that is, of parts and possess in each case a definite structure which, sooner or later, we may hope to fathom.

Although, as I have said, we need not dwell for long on the properties of matter, there are two or three points which we must keep in our minds. First we must remember that every particle of matter, great and small, exhibits what is known as "attraction of gravitation"; secondly, that every particle exhibits also a kind of passivity or dogged perseverance, called "inertia," in virtue of which every body "perseveres in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line unless it is compelled by some force to change that state." This implies that if at any time a particle of matter of sensible mass should cease to be subject to attraction of gravitation, or should lose its inertia, we should have to regard it as destroyed.

The idea that matter in general may be electrical in its origin possesses a charm for many minds, because it seems as if it might afford us a stepping-stone from which we might hope to proceed towards the attainment of a clear idea of a simple material universe

composed of a single primitive matter analogous to that primary matter which Prout a century ago imagined to be the basis of the chemical elements. It is founded upon the view of electricity which regards the latter as possessing an atomic constitution, and looks upon a certain quantity of electricity as an indivisible unit, as a sort of atom of electricity, which can be increased only by adding other units to it, like adding bricks to a wall, but cannot be divided or diminished by any means yet at our disposal.

I suppose every one has seen the beautiful luminous glow of a vacuum tube. This glow is produced by connecting the poles of an electrical machine to two wires melted into the two ends of a glass tube, and exhausting the tube moderately by means of an air-pump. If the vacuum tube in the state in which it gives this glow be further exhausted, its luminosity gradually disappears, breaking up into discs which grow fewer and fewer as the exhaustion proceeds, until at last, if the exhaustion is pushed far enough, no light is seen except a glowing phosphorescence on the surface of the glass, like that which we see when watching experiments with Röntgen-ray tubes. It was inside vacuum tubes when highly exhausted that Prof. J. J. Thomson recognized in 1897 particles far smaller than hydrogen atoms and charged with negative electricity.

If we obtain a glass tube such as I have described, provided at its two ends with two platinum wires sealed into the glass so that the joints are perfectly air-tight, exhaust it by means of an air-pump until only about one part in a million of the air originally present in the tube remains there, connect the wires to an electrical machine, and make suitable experiments, we shall discover that though the tube does not become luminous like an ordinary vacuum tube, yet it seems to con-

tain something which exhibits some very remarkable properties. For example, if before exhausting the tube we have placed inside it in front of the cathode and at a convenient distance a piece of platinum foil, a diamond, or a ruby, then, when we start the machine, the platinum will soon get hot, as a piece of metal does when it is hammered, whilst the diamond or ruby will become phosphorescent. Even if we have put no solid object in the tube, somewhat similar phenomena will present themselves, for in this case the glass of the tube will glow brightly over a considerable area opposite the cathode as soon as the electric machine is put in action, and becomes hot, as if it were bombarded violently by something thrown off by the cathode; and these effects will be accompanied, as I should explain, by the production of Röntgen rays, and occasionally, if one is not careful, by the melting of the glass of the tube.

I think every one will agree that the above phenomena decidedly suggest, as they did to Sir William Crookes when he first observed them, the idea that though the tube must be nearly empty, since only a very minute fraction of the original air remains inside it, streams of something are being driven from the cathode through the tube; that the cathode under the influence of the electric machine creates, in fact, a sort of wind inside the tube; a wind more or less like other winds, but probably exceeding other winds greatly in its velocity, since no wind we are acquainted with outside a vacuum tube is sufficiently violent to melt glass or to raise particles of metal to a red heat.

The idea that streams of invisible particles are thrown off from the cathode of the Crookes vacuum tube has been confirmed by other experiments. If we vary the construction of a vacuum tube by placing the anode not op-

posite the cathode as described above,² but in other positions, we discover that though both a cathode and an anode are required, it is not necessary to place the anode at that part of the tube on which we wish the supposed bombardment to fall. For, place the anode where we may, we find in every case that the radiation flies from the cathode in straight lines, like bullets from a gun, refusing to turn corners except under the influence of a magnet, till it is arrested by some obstacle such as a stone or a small windmill, in which case it will work the windmill as an aerial wind might do, or, if unimpeded, till it falls upon the glassy walls of the tube itself. Moreover, when obstacles are placed in the path of the radiations shadows are formed, as if the radiations were unable to pass through them. The power of obstacles to arrest cathode rays probably is not perfect, however, for it is found that these rays escape to some extent from a vacuum tube if they fall upon a window made of a very thin sheet of a metal such as aluminum. But though the rays insist on moving in straight lines and refuse to turn corners, if a small beam of cathode rays be thrown on a sheet of card coated with some phosphorescent paint, the luminous spot produced where the beam falls upon the paint can readily be moved from one point to another by bringing a powerful magnet to bear upon the beam in its road to the screen. This seems to show that cathode rays can be waved about by the magnet. If we remember the appearance and movements of the rays of a searchlight cast from a ship which is feeling its way on an unknown coast, and recall how these rays reveal themselves partly by illuminating the dust particles in the air through which they pass, but chiefly by the illumination

² The two wires fused into the vacuum tube are known as the "anode" and "cathode" respectively.

they produce when they fall on any adjacent or distant object—for example, on a ship, on the shore, or even on the surface of the sea—we shall gain some idea, though an imperfect idea, of the effect produced by a magnet on a beam of cathode rays inside a Crookes tube. The little spot of light under the influence of the magnet plays about upon the screen, now here, now there, making it plain that the invisible beam which produces the visible light must move about inside the tube more or less as the rays of a searchlight move in the sky at night-time. Now, this power of the magnet upon cathode rays is not only useful because it gives us a means of controlling the cathode rays, but also because it gives us a very strong hint about the nature of the rays themselves.

It is well known to physicists that streams of particles carrying charges of electricity act under the influence of magnets like currents of electricity in conductors. Now, currents in conductors can be deflected by means of magnets, which suggests that the cathode rays, since they behave like currents under the influence of magnets, may consist of particles carrying electric charges. And, further, the known facts of the case tell us that the charges on these particles are negative charges, for the movements of cathode rays under the influence of magnets are just those which we should expect to observe in the case of particles carrying negative electricity.

The cathode rays, then, may be supposed to consist of particles of some sort carrying negative charges of electricity. This brings us to the question, What is the nature of these particles? Are they molecules like those which build up matter in its various and familiar forms? Or are they the yet smaller atoms of the chemist, which form, as it were, the bricks from which molecules are built up? Or, again, are

they "radiant matter" or matter in a "fourth state," as Sir William Crookes, by a brilliant flash of genius, suggested nearly thirty years ago? We owe the solution of this problem chiefly to Prof. J. J. Thomson, who succeeded, a few years ago, in counting the particles in a cathode ray, determined the quantity of electricity carried by each, and showed us that they are neither molecules nor atoms, but particles about a thousand times smaller than atoms; and that each of them carries a charge of electricity equal to that carried by an atom of hydrogen in electrolysis, the very quantity, in fact, which, as far as we know, has never been divided, and for that reason has been described as an "atom of electricity."

If these particles, or electrons, as they are now commonly named, exhibited only the properties described above, and occurred only in the vacuum tube, the discovery of their existence, of their minute size, their electric charges, and their other remarkable properties would have been sufficiently interesting. But it happens that they have the power of making atmospheric air, which is, ordinarily, an insulator, conduct electricity. This made it possible to look for them outside as well as inside vacuum tubes, and presently it came to be known—first, that they do not exist only in the vacuum tube, but are given off by metals when they are intensely hot and when illuminated by ultra-violet light, also by uranium, thorium, radium, and other radio-active substances at ordinary temperatures, and perhaps, though this can hardly be said to be finally established at present, in some minute degree by all the more familiar forms of matter. Secondly, that electrons from all these sources resemble one another in regard to their size and to the charge of electricity which they carry; that is to say that, so far as we can ascertain at present, they have the same proper-

ties whatever their source may be. We do not get one kind of electron from radium, another kind from thorium, a third in the vacuum tube from hydrogen, a fourth from nitrogen, and so on, but the same electron from every substance.

Now, this last conclusion, if finally established, that atoms of all kinds emit identical electrons, bears most obviously on the great question, Is all matter composed of the same ultimate material? For since electrons so similar in their qualities are produced from so many and such varied sources, and perhaps by all forms of matter, does it not follow that the atoms of all the elements—that is, all matter—have in these electrons a common constituent? Indeed, pressing the argument to the utmost, is it not possible that all matter may be built up entirely of systems of electrons and nothing else; that we have discovered in the electrons the “proton” of the earlier philosophers?

I have already mentioned that Prof. Thomson, in one of the most brilliant of modern researches, has measured the masses and charges of electrons; that he has found the former to be about a thousand times smaller than the mass of the smallest particles of matter previously known, and that the latter correspond to the so-called atom of electricity; viz. the charge carried by an atom of hydrogen in electrolysis. We know, further, that electrons move very rapidly, some of them travelling, in fact, with velocities comparable with that of light itself. Thus we know that electrons possess mass or inertia, the most fundamental property of matter, and move with immense velocities. Now, it has been known for some time to electricians that a current of electricity in circuit may act inductively upon itself so as to oppose its own flow when it is growing and retard its own decay when it is diminishing; in short, that electricity exhibits a quality akin

to the “inertia” of matter, which tends to retain every material body in its state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line except so far as it is compelled by forces to change that state. This at once raises for us the new question, May not the mass or inertia of an electron be wholly due or partly due to its electric charge? which brings us within sight of the hypothesis that matter and its properties are electric in their origin.

It is known that the inertia of a body charged with electricity remains, practically speaking, constant under changes of velocity until its rate of movement approaches such a value as 18,000 miles per second,³ but that at about this point the inertia begins to increase sensibly, and at such a rate that it would become infinite if the speed of the charged particle became equal to that of light; and, secondly, that though electrons move more slowly than light, yet some of those thrown off by radium do not move so very much less rapidly than light. Finally, the results of an investigation made a few years ago by Dr. Kaufmann have shown that at the highest speeds yet met with the mass of the electron increases to no less than three times its value when moving more slowly. These facts, naturally, have suggested to many the idea that possibly the whole mass of these charged particles may arise from their electric charges. But on this view, if we accept it, “electrons” would not be particles of matter carrying electric charges, but particles, so to speak, of electricity itself, or, as some might prefer to say, “disembodied electric charges.” And then, if we go so far, we have only to suppose that all matter is made of electrons, and matter itself disappears and is replaced by electricity, that is, by “nuclei of intrinsic

³ This is about one-tenth of the velocity of light.

strain in the ether," or whatever else electricity may be.

Faraday showed us long ago that chemical actions between portions of matter are indistinguishable from electrical actions; and now, at this latest stage, we find his successors suggesting that matter and electricity themselves can no longer be clearly and definitely distinguished from one another. But this is only a suggestion, it by no means establishes the truth of the electrical theory of matter, or proves that the eighty elements all are compounded of one single uniform material. It gives us, perhaps, the beginnings of a working hypothesis, a plan of campaign, and some new resources to aid us in our studies. That is all. We are still very far from knowing definitely that atoms are comprised entirely of electrons, or that electrons are nothing more than electric charges; and though electrons have been shown to exhibit electric inertia, it has not been proved that the inertia of atoms is also electrical. And then, again, in what is said above we have taken no count of positive electricity, and till positive electricity is better understood than it is at present further progress must remain very difficult.

In spite of these obstacles various attempts have been made to paint with the pigments put at our command by electricians a mind-picture of a simple atom such as a hydrogen atom. One of these suggests to us that an atom may be composed of a number of positive and negative particles clustered together in virtue of their mutual attractions, the charged particles being, perhaps, in orbital motion about one another, or possibly held together in fixed positions in some other way. A second suggestion submits the hypothesis that an atom may consist of a comparatively large sphere of positive electrification, which may be pictured as more or less like a jelly,

with a greater or larger number of the very small negative electrons moving about inside it, the total number of the negative electrons depending on the amount of the positive electrification of the sphere; whilst yet another hypothesis suggests that the hydrogen atom may consist of a sort of sun of dense positive electricity acting as a centre round which many negative electrons revolve in astronomical orbits. These speculations vary more or less in the matter of hopefulness, but none of them is definite enough to demand fuller consideration here, and I have introduced them only because each of them brings us face to face with the same serious obstacle to further progress. Each, it will be observed, involves in one form or another the idea of a positive as well as of a negative constituent of the atom. Now at this moment we know little or nothing about free positive electrons, and it is not even agreed universally that positive electrons exist at all; some students holding that positive electrification consists merely in a defect of electricity, and that a positively electrified particle is only what remains when an electron has been removed or expelled from an atom—a view which carries us back almost to the days of Franklin, who held that there was but one electric fluid, a positively electrified body being one which had an excess of this fluid and a negatively electrified body one which had comparatively little.

It must be admitted that we do not yet know that matter is made up entirely of electrons, or even that these constitute a very substantial part of the whole. The evidence is strong, though for want of space I have not been able to give it all, that electrons are a universal constituent of atoms, but there is little or no evidence as yet that atoms are composed of electricity and nothing else. On the other hand, in

spite of a plentiful lack of evidence on this last point, and of some recent observations which are difficult to reconcile with the idea that electricity is the fundamental material of matter, the facts before us are of such a character that they seem bound to encourage attempts, which do not look altogether hopeless, to explain matter in terms of electricity.

To sum up, what has been attained is this. We have reached a deduction which—as Sir Oliver Lodge says in his book on “Electrons”—teaches us “that negative electricity can exist apart from matter in isolated portions, each of exceedingly minute known size, known charge, and known inertia, and we think that the laws of mechanics applied to such particles in given fields of electric and magnetic force should carry us on towards explaining the fundamental phenomena of electric currents, of magnetism, and of the pro-

The Cornhill Magazine.

duction of light.” But it has still to be discovered whether or not the “inertia” of all matter, and hence its nature and properties generally, can be explained, as light has been explained, as electromagnetic phenomena. We are, so to speak, in the position of Lord Roberts when he landed at Cape Town in the year 1900. We have a plan in our heads, and some of but not all the resources needed to carry it out. But as yet we have won no final victory, established no transmutation, discovered no protyle from which we can reconstruct the material universe, even in our minds. I hope this does not seem disappointing. If it does, let us remember that after centuries of study we still have no plan of campaign for investigating the propagation of gravity through the ether; then we shall not undervalue the recent advances on which these modern speculations about matter and its origin are based.

W. A. Shenstone.

THE LIMITATIONS OF HUMOR.

For the last month London has suffered from a violent attack of hilarity. Painfully she has held her poor sides. So fiercely has she rocked with noisy laughter that her public monuments have been in danger of destruction. For Mark Twain has been in her midst, and has transmitted, through the voices of obsequious journalists, his messages of mirth. And Mark Twain is a humorist, a simple truth which nobody is permitted to forget. He is a humorist who cannot open his mouth without provoking the wonder of the world, and, thanks to the industry of energetic reporters, we have not lost one single pearl of his speech.

It is not Mark's fault,—Mark they call him, to prove their familiarity,—nor the fault of the reporters, if a word

spoken by the humorist has escaped us. All the world knows that the sublime heights of fun were climbed when Mark Twain referred happily to his own funeral. The compositors who set up this brilliant sally were so keenly conscious of their privilege that they fitted the master's incongruity with a bold series of misprints. Mark Twain designing his own funeral! Isn't it funny? Lives there a curmudgeon who will refrain from laughter when he hears of it? Still gayer was the phantasy which accused Mark Twain of stealing the Ascot Gold Cup. There's imagination for you! There's a pretty invention! Fleet Street accepted the joke as one man, and it will be surprising if the great man's luggage is not ransacked for the lost treasure by

the Customs officers of his free and independent fatherland.

At last the humorist has left these shores. The echo of his last joke has died away, though the throats of his admirers are still husky with appreciative laughter. And so well did London play her part that if he rang his bell or asked for a lucifer match, the neighborhood of Dover Street palpitated with excitement. Unhappily, upon this enthusiasm, as upon most others, time has and will have a chastening effect. Our exhausted capital is beginning to understand that it can have too much of a good joke, and that nothing stales so rapidly as the thing called "humor."

Humor as a solid quality and a lucrative trade is of modern invention. The ancients knew well that its effect was an effect of light and shade. They were humorous in flashes, and their humor was infinitely enhanced, because it was set against a background of gravity. To be funny at all hours and in all places is as vile a sin against taste as it would be to dissolve in floods of tears before strangers. The great men who dared to laugh in an earlier age than ours laughed in moderation and with a wise purpose. Aristophanes and Lucian, Chaucer and Rabelais, Shakespeare and Fielding, are the true humorists of the world. They did not jest and jibe out of season. They held up folly to ridicule, not to amuse the groundlings, but to reveal, in a sudden blaze of light, the eternal truths of wisdom and justice. Their humor is precious on account of its parsimony. They do not at every turn slap their reader on the back and assure him that there is nothing congruous in the visible world. Of the irreverence that turns whatever is beautiful or noble into a stupid jest they knew nothing. They kept their humor in its proper place; they used it for a wise purpose; they did not degrade it to catch an easy round of applause; and,

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVI. 1904

fortunately for them, they are to-day refused the august title of humorist, which sits so appositely upon the shoulders of Mark Twain.

The essence of humor is that it should be unexpected. The modern humorist is never unexpected. He beats the drum from the moment at which he appears upon the stage. He does not cease to beat it until he quits the stage for the last time. His mouth is always awry, as though he fed upon sour apples, and he demands that his auditors also should twist their lips. From morning till night he grins through a horse-collar, and is surprised if all the world does not applaud his grimaces. To the rash fellow who confesses that he does not understand his fun, the professional humorist has a ready answer. He tells the wretch, with a shrug of pity, that he has no sense of humor, and has no right to criticize wholesome ribaldry. The boot, of course, is on the other leg. The professional humorist is the one person to whom the proper exercise of humor is forbidden, and he does but add insult to injury when he dares to criticize his victim's understanding.

Yet the professional humorist to-day inherits the earth. He is the most popular of God's creatures. He has his own "organs," in which he makes a desperate attempt to look at all things from a ridiculous point of view. He assures you, with a sentimental leer, that his fun is always amiable, as though amiability were a sufficient atonement for an imbecile lack of taste. He is prepared to tickle you with his jokes from early morn to nightfall, and he has been so grossly flattered that he believes there is a positive virtue in his antics. He is perfectly convinced that he is doing good, and he needs very little persuasion to believe that he is the only regenerator of mankind. Gradually, too, he is encroaching upon all the professions

which are not legitimately his own. The pulpit knows him, and the senate. Worse still, he has invaded the Courts of Law, and sits grinning upon the bench at his own ineptitude, which appears to the obsequious barristers, who hope some day to wear his cap and bells, to sparkle with the brilliance of true Attic wit.

The secret of modern humor is revealed to all. Its basis is an obvious congruity. Not the subtle *παρὰ προσδοκίαν* of the ancients, not a whimsical turn of phrase or twist of idea, which surprises us in the masters, but a coarse, crass confusion of past with present or of grave with gay. Its inventors, we regret to remind our readers, were Englishmen, aided and abetted by such Frenchmen as Motteux and D'Urfey, who were driven to these shores before or at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and whose native galeity was not wholly extinguished by the persecutions endured by their fathers. Tom Brown the Facetious and the Inimitable Ned Ward were characteristic innovators. Inspired by joyousness and brandy, they laughed to scorn life and all its works. They were as cheerful a pair of ruffians as ever beat the pavement of a populous city since the infamous creatures of Petronius went splendidly upon the pad. They knew London as they knew their pockets, and they haunted the taverns with a zeal and an understanding worthy of their high purpose and higher spirits. They recall the beggar-students of an earlier age, or the poets who, in Elizabeth's time, brought their plays to the Bankside. Ned Ward, inn-keeper though he was, had still a regard for letters, and Tom Brown was a real scholar. His style was flippant; his muse was ever down at heel, and wore a dressing-gown; his prose was alive with the slang of the gutter and the gulp of the street corner. But when he took up his pen his mind went back

to Lucian and to Horace; he kept always in the great tradition; and though he was determined to laugh at all things, he had too quick a sense of his art to be a humorist and nothing more.

Nevertheless, he sowed the seeds of the easy incongruity which has debauched the humor of to-day. He delighted in such mock-heroic exercises as an "Oration in praise of Drunkenness," and he taught the world to believe that nothing was beyond the reach of jocularly. One of the earliest of our comic reporters, he wore the cap and bells with a light indifference, and, Ned Ward aiding him, he understood that the journal and pamphlet were a useful substitute for the generosity of patrons. Had they lived under the Tudors or early Stuarts, Brown and Ward would have been jesters at court or in a country house. They would have worn the livery of king or duke, and repaid the munificence of their masters with a licensed effrontery. The liberal age of Anne threw them upon the people, and they forced their note to suit the foolish rufflers who bought their wares. Thus they showed the way, and their descendants in the world of humor have been only too ready to follow them.

Humor, in this baser sense, is a foolish travesty of life; and before Brown split the sides of Grub Street, Charles Cotton, fisherman and Cockney, had already converted travesty into a form of literature. If the poor humorists of to-day descend in one line from Tom Brown, in another they may trace their pedigree back to the admirable Cotton. Now Cotton, as became a gentleman of his education and pursuits, founded his humor upon the classics. He treated Virgil and Lucian precisely as the modern Yankee treats the older civilization of Europe. He translated them into his own lingo, and asked you to laugh with him at them. He delighted to trick out the heroes of antiquity in his own

poor fustian, and as his knowledge of slang was as great as his daring, the result is often ludicrous. A passage or two in illustration will make the purpose of the old travesties as clear as daylight. Here is Dido's address of farewell to Æneas in Cotton's version:—

But I'll waste on thee no more Breath,
For whom the Wind, that fumes beneath,

Is far too sweet: Avaunt, thou Slave!
Thou lying coney-catching Knave,
Be moving, do as thou hast told me!
Nobody here intends to hold thee!
Go: seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
I' th' very bottom of the Sea:

But shd'st thou 'scape, and not in
Dike lie

Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,
Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,
Who's born to hang, will ne'er be
drowned;

Yet shd'st thou not be much the nigher
I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,
As soon as I can turn to a Ghost,
Which will be in a week at most.

That is a fair specimen of Cotton's familiar style, and Cotton had many imitators. His contempt for grandeur, which is characteristic of the Cockney spirit, was emulated by many ingenious writers. The example which he set was followed for a century and more, and the best of his pupils handled the style with an even greater effrontery than his. Perhaps none of them, in ease of manner or bold anachronism, exceeded Bridges, whose burlesque translation of Homer is still ranked among "curiosities" in the catalogues. It is thus that in Bridges' version Agamemnon rates the angry Achilles:—

The general gave him tit for tat,
And answer'd, cocking first his hat,
Go, and be hang'd, you blust'ring
whelp,

Pray, who the murrain wants your
help?

When you are gone, I know there are

Col'nels sufficient for the war,
Militia bucks that know no fears,
Brave fishmongers and auctioneers;
Besides, great Jove will fight for us,
What need we then this mighty fuss?
Thou lov'st to quarrel, fratch, and
jangle,
To scold and swear, and fight and
wrangle.

Great strength thou hast, and pray
what then?

Art thou so stupid, canst not ken,
The gods that ev'ry thing can see
Give strength to bears as well as thee?

There in its origin and in its purpose is the whole of modern humor. The same flippant impertinence which distresses us in the works of popular Americans is already alive and alert. The same confusion of ancient and modern is already designed to evoke a hasty chuckle. We do not mean that the imitation is conscious; we do not suppose that Mark Twain or his predecessors ever heard the name of Charles Cotton; but when once the spirit of contempt for grave and revered things was evoked, the worst enormities of contemporary humor were obvious and natural.

The end and aim of Mark Twain, then, are the end and aim of Cotton and Bridges. For him the art of Europe and the chivalry of King Arthur serve the purpose of Virgil and Homer. He travesties them with a kind of malignant joy. He brings whatever time has honored down to the level of a Yankee drummer. In "The Innocents Abroad" he sets a slur of commonness upon beauty and splendor. With the vanity of a crude civilization he finds every custom ridiculous that does not conform with the standard of the United States. The restraints of honor are food for his mirth. He holds his sides when he thinks of the old masters. They are not brought down to this our date. Nor does he understand that there are certain institutions, certain manifestations of genius, which

should be sacred even for the jester. Newness is not the only virtue known to the world, and he who laughs at what is old, merely because it is old, proves a lack of intelligence which no whimsicality can excuse.

In other words, Mark Twain the humorist is a bull in the china-shop of ideas. He attempts to destroy what he could never build up, and assumes that his experiment is eminently meritorious. When, as in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," he gave full rein to his fancy, he achieved such a masterpiece of vulgarity as the world has never seen. His book gives you the same sort of impression which you might receive from a beautiful picture over which a poisonous slug had crawled. The hint of magnificence is there, pitilessly deformed and defaced. That Mark Twain is in perfect sympathy with his creature is perfectly evident. He frankly prefers Hartford, Conn., to Camelot. He believes that in all respects his native land is superior to the wisest and noblest society that the eye of Arthur saw or any other eye has seen. He is sure that refinement and "gentility" were unknown before his own time. The Knights of the Round Table, he declares, used words which would have made a Comanche blush. "Indelicacy is too mild a term to convey the idea." In our own nineteenth century, he informs us, "the earliest samples of the real lady and real gentleman discoverable in English history—or in European history, for that matter—may be said to have made their appearance." That is what it is to be a humorist. But even if we permit the humor we must still question the historical accuracy of the statement, and regret that Mark Twain ever thought it necessary to comment upon the ancients, against whom he cherishes a fierce antipathy.

His verbal humor, if less reckless

than his history, is far more dismally deplorable. Here is his comment upon Merlin: "He is always blethering around in my way, everywhere I go; he makes me tired. He don't amount to shucks as a magician." Who can resist this amazing humor? And again, who, save a churl, would refuse the tribute of a laugh to the following exquisite criticism of the same wonder-worker? "Merlin's stock was flat," writes Mark Twain, "the King wanted to stop his wages; he even wanted to banish him; but I interfered. I said he would be useful to work the weather, and attend to small matters like that, and I would give him a lift now and then when his poor little parlor-magic soured on him." Isn't there a snigger in every word of it? And before this brilliancy must we not confess that humor, like delicacy and all the other virtues, made its first appearance in the nineteenth century and in America?

This monstrous incongruity demands two qualities for its indulgence: a perfect self-esteem, and an exaggerated common-sense. No one who is not confident that he engrosses the graces can affect to find pleasure in thus insulting the past. No one whose sense is not common in all respects can apply all the resources of a vulgar logic to the creations of fancy and emotion. That Mark Twain is fully equipped for his purpose is only too clear. His humor and his talk alike proclaim it. And it is the more pitiful, because he has a talent which stands in need of no folly for its embellishment. Had he never cut a joke, had he refrained always from grinning at grave and beautiful things, how brilliant a fame would have been his! When you are tired of his irreverence, when you have deplored his noisy jibes, when his funeral and his theft of the cup alike pall upon your spirit, take down his "Life on the Mississippi," and see what perfect sin-

cerity and a fine sympathy can accomplish. Mark Twain writes of the noble river as one who knows its every change and chance. Yet he writes of it with an austere restraint and without any desire to humanize it out of its proper character. And there is humor, too, in his descriptions,—not the tortured humor of a later day, but humor sufficient to play, like light upon shade, in the grave places of his history. As he says himself, he loved the pilot's profession far better than any he has followed since, and his love and understanding shine in every page of his masterpiece. As the river kept no secrets from him, so his quick memory enabled him to recover the impressions of his youth. To cite his own expressive words, "The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book—a book which was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. . . . There was never so wonderful a book written by man." In this passage Mark Twain strikes the real note of his life and experience. With equal truth he tells us at what cost he acquired this deep knowledge of the river and its moods. "Now, when I had mastered the language of this water," says he, "and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry had gone out of the majestic river. I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steam-boating was new to me. . . . But, as I have said, a day came when I began to cease

Blackwood's Magazine.

from noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face; another day came, when I ceased altogether to note them." Yet the very fact that Mark Twain recognized the change which had come over his vision is the best proof that he submitted willingly to the marvellous spell of the river. His mental process was the reverse of Wordsworth's. Wordsworth learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing of-
tentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue.

Mark Twain, on the other hand, heard "the still, sad music of humanity" when he but half knew the river. A profounder knowledge silenced the music, and persuaded him to own, with sincerity, that he gazed upon the sunset scene without rapture, but with the understanding of an intimate.

The author of "Life on the Mississippi" was also the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, two boys who will survive to cast shame upon all the humor of America. And it is for the sake of a genuine talent that we deplore Mark Twain's studied antics. It should not have been for him to light the thorns which crackle under the pot. It should not have been for him to encourage the gross stupidity of his fellows. The moderation of one who has known men and rivers should have been revealed to all the world. But Mark Twain, in submitting to the common demand, shares the general love of exaggeration. "Govern a great country as you would cook a small fish," said the Chinese philosopher; "that is, do not overdo it." The tendency of to-day is to overdo all things. Humor, which should be a relief, and nothing more, is now an end in itself.

FASHION.

I have been watching you this last ten minutes, while your carriage has been standing still, and have seen your smiling face change twice, as though you were about to say: "I am not accustomed to be stopped like this"; but what I have chiefly noticed is that you have not looked at anything all these minutes except the persons sitting opposite, and the backs of your flunkeys on the box. No, clearly, nothing has distracted you from following your thought: "I am mounted in this expensive chest, on these expensive wheels; there is pleasure before me, I am told." Yours is the three hundredth carriage in this row that blocks the road for half a mile. In the two hundred and ninety-nine that come before it, and the four hundred that come after, you are sitting too—with your face before you, and your unseeing eyes.

Resented while you gathered being; brought into the world with the most distinguished skill; remembered by your mother when the whim came to her; taught to believe that life consists in caring for your clean, well-nourished body, and your manner that nothing usual can disturb; taught to regard Society as the little ring of men and women that you see, and to feel your business is to know the next thing that you want, and get it given you—*You have never had a chance!*

You take commands from no one; your heart gives you your commands, forms your desires, your wishes, your opinions, and passes them between your lips. From your heart well-up the springs that feed the river of your conduct; but your heart is a stagnant pool that has never seen the sun. Each year when April comes, and the earth smells new, you have an odd aching underneath your corsets. What is it for? You have a husband, or a lover,

or neither, whichever suits you best; you have children, or could have them if you wished for them; you are fed at stated intervals with food and wine; you have all you want of country life and country sports; you have the theatre and the opera, books, music, and religion! From the top of the plume, torn from a dying bird, or the flowers made at an insufficient wage, that decorate your head, to the sole of the shoe that cramps your foot, you are decked out with solemn care; a year of labor has been sewn into your garments, and forged into your rings—you are a breathing triumph!

You live in the centre of the centre of the world; if you wished you could have access to everything that has been thought since the world of thought began; if you wished you could see everything that has ever been produced, for you can travel where you like; you are within reach of Nature's grandest forms, and the most perfect works of Art. You could hear the last word that is said on everything, if you wished. When you do wish, the latest tastes are servants of your palate, the latest scents attend your nose—*You have never had a chance!*

For, sitting there in your seven hundred carriages, you are blind—in heart, and soul, and voice, and walk, the blindest creature in the world. Never for one minute of your little life have you thought, or done, or spoken for yourself. You have been prevented; and so wonderful is this plot to keep you blind that you have not a notion it exists. To yourself, your sight seems good, such is your pleasant thought; you have never looked over this hedge around you that you cannot even see—so how can there be anything the other side? The ache beneath your corsets in the Spring is all you are ever

to know of what there is beyond. And no one is to blame for this—you least of all.

It was settled, long before the well-fed dullard's kiss from which you sprang. Forces have worked, in dim, inexorable process, from the remotest time, till they have bred you, little blind creature, to be the masterpiece of their creation. With the wondrous subtlety of Fate's selection, they have paired and paired all that most narrowly approaches to the mean, all that by nature shirks the risks of living, all that by essence clings to custom, till they have secured a state of things which has assured your coming, in your perfection of nonentity. They have planted you apart in your expensive mould, and still they are at work—these gardeners never idle—pruning and tying night and day, to see that you run not wild and reach the grass. The Forces are proud of you—their waxen, scentless flower!

The sun beats down, and still your carriage does not move; and this delay is getting on your nerves. You can't imagine what is blocking up your way! Do you ever imagine anything? If all those goodly coverings that contain you could be taken off, what should we find within the last and inmost shell—a little soul that has lost its power of speculation. A soul that was born in you a bird, and has become a creeping thing; wings gone, eyes gone, groping, and clawing with its tentacles what is given it.

You stand, speaking to your footman! And you are charming, standing there, to us who, like your footman, cannot see the label "Blind." The cut of your gown is perfect, the dressing of your hair the latest, the trimming of your hat is later still; your trick of speech the very thing; you droop your eyelids to the life; you have not too much powder; it is a lesson in grace to see you hold your parasol. The doll of Na-

ture! So, since you were born; so, until you die! And with his turned, clean-shaven face, your footman seems to say: "Madam, how you have come to be, it is not my province to enquire. You are! I am myself dependent on you!" You are the heroine of the farce; but we must not smile at you, for you are tragic, standing there, the saddest figure in the world. No fault of yours that ears and eyes and heart and voice are atrophied, so that you have no longer spirit of your own!

Fashion brought you forth, and she has seen to it that you are the image of your mother, knowing that if she made you by a hair's breadth different, you would see and judge. You are Fashion, Fashion herself, blind, fear-full Fashion! You do what you do because others do it; you think what you think, because others think it; you feel what you feel because others feel it. You are the Figure without eyes!

And no one can reach you, no one can alter you, poor little bundle of others' thoughts; for there is nothing left to reach.

And so, in your seven hundred carriages, you pass; the road is bright with you. Above that road, below it, and on either hand, are the million things and beings that you cannot see; all that is organic in the world, all that is living and creating; all that is striving to be free. They watch you pass, glittering, on your little round, the sightless captive of your own triumph; and their eyes, like the eyes of this hollow-chested work-girl beside me on the pavement, fix on you a thousand eager looks, for you are strange to them. And many of their hearts are sore with envy, for they do not know that you are as dead as snow around a crater; they cannot tell you for what you are—the littlest, poorest, saddest creature in the world—Fashion! You Figure without eyes!

John Galsworthy.

THE INTERVIEW AT SWINEMUNDE.

The meetings of Kings and Emperors just accomplished and now pending reflect the pacific character of European politics at the present time. In themselves, such interviews can hardly now have the significance which attached to them twenty, or even two, years ago. During the gradual substitution of the Triple Alliance for the League of the Three Emperors, broken up by the Berlin Congress, the peace of Europe depended very largely on the will of two successive Czars chafing against diplomatic defeat, and tempted to seek in foreign complications the diversion of popular attention from troubles at home. The interviews of the Czar Alexander II. and Kaiser Wilhelm I. at Alexandrovo in 1879, and of their sons and successors at Skiernevice five years later, gave rise to a host of warlike rumors, and with good reason. Even two years ago, when the Kaiser visited Nicolas II. in his yacht off Björkö, in Finland, there was abundant room for apprehension, and it found vent in floods of conjecture. Then the German Government was on the verge of war with France—nominally to protect German interests in Morocco, really to quiet its own patriots and heal its wounded *amour propre*. Russia was in the last stage of an exhausting war with Japan; her domestic troubles were even more acute than now, and there was some reason to suppose that the Kaiser was exhorting the Czar to make peace, promising him support against a Polish uprising, and endeavoring to secure that the Dual Alliance should not be held to become operative in the event of a Franco-German conflict in Morocco. Even a year ago, again, the interview of the Kaiser and King Edward VII. at Kronberg took place when the supporters of the German

Government were fretting at the failure of German foreign policy, and at the supposed isolation of Germany in Europe. Now, however, that mood has passed away, and the situation is so pacific that it can hardly be disturbed even by the untoward events at Casablanca.

In any case, an interview of less than an hour, even supplemented by other less formal conversations during three days of ostentatiously friendly intercourse, can hardly permit of the transaction of much business that has not been arranged in advance. The visit was primarily a formal act of courtesy in return for the Kaiser's visit to the Czar off Björkö in July, 1905; and though a certain amount of mystery was set up by the careful isolation of the Czar's suite from communication with the shore, by the naval precautions taken for guarding his yacht, and otherwise, there is no reason to doubt the semi-official communication of its results. The visit, we are told, "served to confirm and illuminate" the situation in Europe. That might be said of Royal visits in general, even of those at Alexandrovo and Skiernevice, at the first of which the offended Czar, by his choice of the place, imposed an unduly fatiguing journey on his aged relative Kaiser Wilhelm I. Happily, there was now no occasion to demonstrate anything but goodwill.

Still, though the sovereigns can neither have transacted much business nor given room for much speculation, their Foreign Ministers accompanied them and worked together, probably in a more practical way. What business did they discuss? The Anglo-Russian agreement which is now pending can hardly have taken up much of the conversation either of the Ministers or of

the emperors. It has been suggested by the *Standard* that the Czar came partly to assure the Kaiser that it had no sinister significance for German interests in the Far East. But the Kaiser must have divined that already. The agreement, or group of agreements, admittedly concerns the causes of friction existing between the British and Russian Empires in Persia and on the borders of Afghanistan and Tibet. Sir Edward Grey's explanations indicate that it aims at obviating such causes of friction, and that it can have no effect on the international position of Russia. Her imperfectly disciplined agents or would-be agents in those regions will be warned that intrigues or menacing movements of troops are of no use in the inhospitable regions bordering Afghanistan and Tibet, and that no political purpose will be effected by commercial or other developments in Persia and the Persian Gulf. The opposition of English Radicals to the agreement is based on the hypothesis that it may be a basis for placing a new Russian loan in England, which is hardly credible, and on the fact that the Russian Government has broken faith with the electorate, which is irrelevant to the issue. If the agreement was touched on at Swinemünde, it can only have been to avoid giving Germany the offence which she was unexpectedly ready to take at the informality in the communication of the Anglo-French *entente*. Nor need we suppose that much attention, if any, was given to the situation in Morocco. Two subjects, however, may conceivably have occupied the attention of the Foreign Ministers—the situation in Macedonia and the outlook in Poland.

As regards Macedonia, there was some apprehension in Vienna before the meeting that Austro-Hungarian claims might be somehow prejudiced by the result. How, it is hard to see; but the feeling seems to have been dis-

pelled. The Macedonian situation is becoming slightly more hopeful. The Porte, indeed, is giving fresh trouble, after its manner, by attempting to block the reform of the judiciary under the Müzzsteg programme by a rival reform of its own, but that means only a little further delay and some interchange of diplomatic notes. The cordial meeting between Prince Ferdinand and the Emperor Francis Joseph shows that no danger is now apprehended from Bulgaria, and the Greek Government is evidently at last making serious efforts to stop the influx of Greek bands. The Foreign Ministers are more likely to have been concerned with the possibilities set up by Polish claims. The Hague Congress has recently had offered to it for consideration by a deputation of Poles a formal demand for recognition in varying degrees for the Polish race: Home Rule for Russian Poland, equality of all citizens, with religious liberty, and full recognition of the language in Lithuania, Podolia, and the other regions forming part of the old Polish kingdom; recognition of the language, and cessation of the petty persecutions attendant on German colonization, in the Polish districts of Prussia. The demands, indeed, have had no better reception at The Hague than those of the Koreans; there was little chance of obtaining a hearing for them even in the second Duma latterly, and their upholders will be much less influential in the third. In Prussian Poland, too, there are rumors of more drastic efforts at Germanizing the land by compulsory expropriation of Polish landowners, and altogether the times are not propitious for the Polish claims. Still, they are being made; any fresh persecution will only serve to strengthen Polish feeling in their favor, and the Poles are said to be drawing apart from the other Slavs, and concentrating their efforts on the assertion of their own nationality.

Moreover, both in Poland and in the Baltic Provinces contingencies may again arise which will, to say the least, be extremely inconvenient for Germany as well as for Russia.

These matters, however, are in an early stage, and are rather for Foreign Ministers than for Sovereigns. The interview implies profound peace in Europe, coupled with slow reform in the social and economic conditions of its oppressed populations, under the tutelage or the alien rule of the great Powers. The people who have most right to complain of the situation are these oppressed peoples and some of the minor States who have reason to champion their cause. They and their sympathizers may well argue that the smaller Balkan States obtained a good deal

The Economist.

through the Russo-Turkish War, even when the Treaty of San Stefano was replaced by that of Berlin, and that they might get through the scramble of a great European war more than the Powers will ever give them peaceably. If the minor States got no more territory after it, they might at least be neutralized and recognized as buffer States, and new buffer States might be created elsewhere. Poland, the Baltic Provinces, Alsace and Lorraine might then become even as Belgium or Roumania. But the stakes are too high, and the game altogether too dangerous. Nationalities in these days are not likely to be absorbed or extinguished; forcible amalgamation has proved itself a failure, and militarism and expansion cannot go on for ever.

REFORM IN EXAMINATIONS.

Some information has reached us about a certain new scheme of examination for school scholarships, and as we have sympathized with such a reform in the slightly different circumstances of the examination for Osborne, we are glad to call attention to the experiment. The Osborne examination differs from this new project, which is being tried at Clayesmore School, Pangbourne, because it judges more exclusively by oral tests. These try to draw out not only a boy's powers of observation, but his manners, character, and methods of reasoning. The Clayesmore model introduces more paper work—in other words, a higher proportion of purely intellectual tests—while it still depends a good deal—and indefinitely more than is common in school examinations—upon trial by what the Admiralty calls "Interview and Examination." That is to say, the examiners will judge the boy largely by the impression he leaves upon them of gen-

eral intelligence and the ability to make use of knowledge, instead of by his feats of memory in reproducing what he has read in text-books. We have no doubt that the examination of boys, particularly of young boys, is capable of vast improvement. We are nearly all agreed that specialization begins too soon, because the only important thing in very early years is to coax the mind into that state in which it wants to learn, and therefore satisfies its own curiosity by exerting more or less unconsciously its faculty of observation. If that habit of mind be produced, half the battle of life is won. Under those conditions one never ceases to learn. But under the accepted conditions of examination it is quite possible, though we do not say it is common, for a boy to rise very high in a public school with the help of a pretty talent in making Latin and Greek verses, and yet afterwards to face life with no aptitude for reason-

ing, no intellectual interests, and no power to express himself sensibly in his own language. It is surely a bad symptom that the authorities of schools should pin their rewards upon a product so useless for most purposes in life; and while we acknowledge that all conceivable systems have their defects, we think that a less defective system than the present ought to be attained. At all events, every experiment deserves gratitude and encouragement.

We notice that the Board of outside examiners appointed at Clayesmore consists of Dr. Sonnenschein, Professor of Classics at Birmingham University; Sir Charles Warren; Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, Inspector of the Education Department of the London County Council; and Mr. Adamson, Professor of Education at London University. The object will be to choose the best from among candidates who up to the age of fourteen have been educated on broad and liberal lines without any attempt at specialization. We cannot go so far as to say that the existing method of examination at public schools reserves its rewards entirely for achievements of memory, but we certainly think that too much store is set by the successful cultivation of this faculty. Some persons have a gift of memory, others have not. Yet there are innumerable men who have excellent judgment, constructive ability, or critical acumen, who have "no memory," and all their lives correct their failing (without much injury to themselves, be it said) by unremitting reference to books. These men were always at a disadvantage in a school examination, and in the circumstances one might exclaim: "So much the worse for the school examinations!" The principle of refusing to allow boys to specialize at an early age has been acted on for some time by a few schools, but Clayesmore is the first, we are told, to experiment with it in scholarship ex-

aminations. Probably the experiment would be tried more generally if there were not the established custom of what might be called the tied preparatory school. The preparatory schools are all private, and their success is measured by their success in passing pupils into the public schools. To prosper they must conform to the conditions of those schools. They can hardly afford to do otherwise. And public schools, for their part, must conform to the conditions of the Universities. The decision of the Admiralty to ask for general intelligence and originality and not for successful "cramming" was a bold innovation. Mr. A. C. Benson, who has had ample experience of the ordinary curriculum at Eton, has been an examiner for the Admiralty, and he is a warm believer in the essential wisdom of their plan. "The only satisfactory way," he wrote, "in which boys can be prepared for such an examination is to teach them thoroughly and sensibly, and to encourage all natural and healthy aptitudes, inclinations, and interests." At present there is notoriously a difficulty among parents who wish to send their boys into the Navy. They have to decide before the boy is ten years old that they wish him to prepare himself to satisfy the Admiralty, and this means in most cases that he must cease to develop along the ordinary lines of private- and public-school education. If he falls for the Navy, he is already handicapped in any attempt to succeed in the schools. But if the training of private schools were made universally broader that difficulty would disappear. Of course many masters in preparatory schools condemn the present Osborne system, and we do not wish didactically to disregard their objections; but before considering them seriously we at least should like to know how far they are inspired by the fact that the system does not fit in

with their own curriculum. If the preparatory-school and Osborne systems were in line, a boy who failed for the Navy would be able to go to a public school without suffering from a sudden check and change in the character of his education. It may be said—and the danger ought frankly to be acknowledged—that the Admiralty examination is leading in its turn to a special preparation which tries to foresee all the tests of general intelligence. We need not dwell upon the horribly contradictory and hybrid character of a "cramming" in general intelligence. It is an alarming case of *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. But we cannot believe that there are many masters who would be stupid enough to try to predict the exact questions with which the boy will be posed, to urge him to remember the color of the omnibus in which he is driven to the examination, to beg him to be ready with an explanation of the weather-chart in the *Times*, carefully committed to memory, or to have at his fingers' ends the figures of the last by-election.

The procedure of the Clayesmore examination is as follows:—The candidates first take the written examination. They are then drafted into a separate room, where they are given a short essay to write on some easy subject of interest to boys. This is to test handwriting, spelling, general intelligence, and power of expression. A short piece of prose or poetry is then read aloud, the gist of which the boys will be required to reproduce in their own words. After this, they come singly into the Committee-room, and have an interview with the examiners, lasting from ten to fifteen minutes. During the interview the essay and copies of the reports from former masters or tutors of the candidate are before the examiners, and the boy is finally assessed by the Committee directly after he has left the room. The

system of marking is as follows:—Class A, Fit. Class B, Doubtful, though promising. Class C, Unsuitable. The two classes A and B are subdivided into A minus, A, and A plus, or B minus, B, and B plus. In the "interview" the examiners are invited to let the boy feel as little as possible that he is under examination. The ideal is to "size him up" as a "soaring human boy." The difficulty of reaching this ideal is obvious. We suppose that the boy's capability to support the ordeal would depend upon the degree in which his friends and relations had veiled from him the awful truth as to the character of the interview. Still, with all its difficulties, we believe the plan to be a sensible one on the right lines. Lord Selborne was right when he said that he declined to be responsible for requiring boys under thirteen to enter for competitive examinations of the ordinary type. The Clayesmore plan is, after all, an intellectual test, though liberally conceived. There is not a suggestion of making worthiness in other respects than intellectual a real counterweight, as in the appointment of Rhodes Scholars at Oxford. What is suitable at Oxford would not be desirable in the same degree in a school. One remark in the papers explaining the nature of the examination illuminates the whole matter. "For example," it runs, "it would be thought more important that a boy should be able to give the geographical reason for the position of a town or city in a certain situation on the map than the bare statistics of population and trade." That distinguishes the reasoning being from the parrot. As the end of all education is to produce a reasoning being, not a parrot or a gramophone, we welcome every experiment with that intention. If the one we have described does not succeed, it was at least worth trying.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale is our only native bird—if we except the song-thrush—whose vocal powers are commemorated in its name. And this honor dates back to the time of the Saxons. For the *gale* is the Saxon *gaian*, to sing. It is the bird which sings in the night. And it is a popular belief, fostered by the poets, that it sings *only* in the night. Thus Shakespeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*, has it:—

The Nightingale if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

"Sweet bird, why shun the light?" asks George Dyer. Again, the same poet writes:—

Mourners there are, who love the mid-night scene,
And like the night-bird, shun the light of day.

Pollok calls the nightingale "native of the dark." Cowper, however, was more observant, and knew that the nightingale sings by day as well as by night:—

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended.

Poets and other writers have vied with each other in their praises of the nightingale's song—some of them, one cannot help suspecting, without having heard it or being able to distinguish it if they did. And having lived the greater part of our life in the nightingaleless North, we were a little inclined to believe those who say that this sweet songster is overrated. The apparent extravagances of praise be-

stowed on it produced their effect. We had learned to love the exquisite music of blackbird, lark, and song thrush, and wondered if there could be anything more beautiful in this sad old world. And then the nightingale came, saw, and conquered. We went to live in the South, and heard it. The fiction that there could be any rivalry between the nightingale and any other of the feathered choir vanished like the mist before the morning sun. We admit, of course, that many of the others sing well, but—yes, surely, Ben Jonson was right:—

I grant the lark, the linnet, bullfinch sing,
But best the dear good angel of the spring,
The Nightingale.

Theocritus expressed a true judgment when he wrote:—

Sweetest of all fowls sings the clear-voiced nightingale.

Nor do we accuse Izaak Walton of exaggeration in his beautiful description: "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, shall hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

As we listen to this joyful ecstasy of song we wonder how any one could read melancholy in it. Yet many poets

have thus libelled the nightingale's music. Shakespeare leads the way, for we find in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the following passage:—

To the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses.

Milton follows with his bird "most musical, most melancholy." And it was Richard Barnfield's nightingale who,

all forlorn
Lean'd her breast uptill a thorn,

and sang pierced by the sharp point.
Which, perhaps, led on to Herrick's

Broke-heart of a nightingale
Ore-come in Musicke.

Again the nightingale is Pollok's "Minstrel of sorrow." And Montgomery asks of it:—

Minstrel, what makes thy song so sad?

Classical poets read the same melancholy into the joyous song. "The brown nightingales reply," writes Theocritus, "with their complaints." And Homer's nightingale

pours forth her voice of many notes
Lamenting the beloved Itylus.

Other poets, however, have known the nightingale better. Cowper's nightingale, for example,

Cheer'd the village with his song.

And Coleridge rebukes Milton's "most melancholy":—

A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.

Tennyson's nightingale, again, flashes into "a frolic of song."

The idea of the nightingale being a melancholy bird may have originated in the classical myth—the *not-icas* if we may borrow the literal translation of the Russian word for legend. For

Phyllomela, the nightingale of the Greeks, was once a human maiden who had known the depths of sorrow. And to them the bird was still lamenting the woes of the girl whose tongue had been cruelly cut out. The erratic distribution of the nightingale is a curious and interesting problem in bird-life. No other bird in the British Isles is so remarkably restricted in its range. The "delectable Duchy" does not attract it; it does not visit the Emerald Isle; the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" has no charms for it; only one spot in gallant little Wales, the neighborhood of Cowbridge, is honored with its visits. And in England only on the east side of a line drawn from the mouth of the Tees to the coast of Dorset does it find its fastidious taste suited. And in France it avoids the western part; rocky Brittany knows it not.

Many years ago Sir John Sinclair endeavored to induce the nightingale to extend its summer range to "Caledonia stern and wild." His attempt was founded on the well-known fact that migratory birds return to the spot where they were reared. Orders were given to a London dealer for as many nightingales' eggs as he could produce at the rate of one shilling each. These were despatched to Scotland and placed in robins' nests, where they were duly hatched and reared. But they never returned to Scotland after their autumn migration. In Europe the nightingale goes as far north as Copenhagen. The reason of this curiously restricted range is not known. But without wishing to propound any theory we may note a curious coincidence between the geological structure of the country and the distribution of the bird. For the line mentioned as marking the range of the nightingale separates the older from the younger rock systems. West of this line, where the nightingale is not found, are

the carboniferous and still older rocks; east of it, where the nightingale occurs, are the triassic and still younger rocks. And the little area in Wales honored by the nightingale's presence is an island of younger rocks among Wales's more ancient strata. For some reason the nightingale would appear to prefer younger rocks.

Attempts have been made from time to time since the days of Aristophanes to express the nightingale's song in syl-

The Outlook.

lables, to impose on its thrilling music "the harsh captivity of words." But, as Professor Newton says, the song is indescribable. In Ben Jonson's lines above quoted he calls the nightingale "the angel of spring." And the word is here used in its original sense of messenger, for when the nightingale is here gentle spring is really come. And Sophocles called it the angel, the *angelos* or messenger, of Jove.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has three new books in preparation, the most important of which is entitled "A Swan and Her Friends"—a study of literary Lichfield in the days of Anne Seward. Although Anne Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," was not a native of Dr. Johnson's birthplace, she spent nearly the whole of her life there, and her mother was the daughter of Dr. Johnson's teacher. She numbered many of the literary celebrities of her day among her friends, including Hayley, Southey, and Scott. Incidentally the book is "a study of the rise and decline of the *bas bleu*, and the rise and decline of 'fine' writing." Mr. Lucas's other volumes are "The Gentlest Art: An Anthology of Entertaining Letters," and a new collection of essays entitled "Character and Comedy."

Dr. Joseph Alexander Leighton is not a clergyman. If he were, the foolishly doubting might assert that what he says in his "Jesus Christ and the Civilization of To-day" being drawn from his deepest professional knowledge was of no avail. Such is human perversity. But Dr. Leighton is no clergyman but a professor of psychology and philoso-

phy, and he writes in sturdy opposition to those too vain guides who whisper that revelation is naught, and that man can explain the universe unaided, and that the gospel is outgrown. He gives his message both in terms of science and in simple language, for he speaks both to him who has devoured more knowledge than he can assimilate, and to him whose little flame of faith wavers in the choking vapors of human doubt. To read him either as a whole or in part will be found reassuring, consolatory and strengthening. This is a book to make an epoch in the mind of every individual reader, perhaps to make an epoch in current thought. The Macmillan Co.

The Englishman, breathing the memory-haunted air of England as he writes such a book as Mr. Herbert W. Macklin's "The Brasses of England" can never rightly fancy the enjoyment which it affords an American living in a land which gives him a half mythical Indian trail instead of Watling street, an arrow head for an Ilian coin. Such a work takes him out of his century, far from his daily surroundings, and

gives him for a brief space a new being. Books on brasses are common enough, but, generally speaking, they interest only collectors, ecclesiastics, and architects. Being confined strictly to their subject, and taking up each class of brasses in turn by centuries, they furnish no historical view either of the brasses or of the important personages whom they commemorate, and they stir the imagination rather less than might a good dictionary. Mr. Macklin's book is arranged by periods, the various chapters are accompanied by brief papers on topics connected with the subject, and by comment of that class which awakens the critical spirit; he writes not only the history of an art fallen into desuetude, but also of a kingdom incessantly changing its outward semblance, but never long forsaking its ancient ideals, and he makes each chronicle elucidate the other. Some eighty-five pictures show certain brasses described in the text, exhibit a pallimpsest brass, and a tombstone despoiled of its brass. It will be an exceedingly well read man who does not find some matter entirely new to him in this clear and consistent sketch of four centuries of English history, as recorded in brasses. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In spite of the weapons and a vice or two borrowed from the white man, the hunting Indian of to-day scarcely differs from the savage who tried the souls of Puritan and Pilgrim, but never in the centuries of his acquaintance with the stranger from over the seas has he been so sympathetically presented as in Mr. Arthur Heming's "Spirit Lake." Between the days of the acute and truthful but misjudging "Jesuit Relations" and the present era of minute studies based

on knowledge of the stone age and of tribal civilization, he has been so assiduously observed and questioned that the elaborate ceremonial web which he has spun about his life, and the woodcraft by which he has preserved the life itself are equally well observed, but Mr. Heming has put flesh upon the theoretical skeleton acquired by embedding it in the story of a hunter's family life. The hunter Standing Wolf, his nephew, his seven children and his adopted son, and his mother and multitudinous dogs go North together to obtain skins wherewith to pay the trader for their advances, articles furnished on credit. Their luck and their adventures form the story, quarrel with the medicine man furnishes a reason for introducing information in regard to superstitions, and the author also contrives to show how much respect the Indian has for the white man's land, and for the white man. Mr. Heming dedicates his book to his father and mother from whom he "learned to love both nature and art." "Spirit Lake" affords ample evidence of study of the former and of mastery of the latter. The twenty-four pictures with which he has illustrated the book would serve to make it noteworthy had it no other merit for they exhibit an Indian as different from the Plains Indian as can be imagined, and so treat his dress and his physical peculiarities as to make it seem the most natural thing in the world that he should address the beasts whom he kills as "Brother." The pictures no more reflect any other artist than the text reflects any other author. Mr. Heming possesses in two fields the originality of profound knowledge. The Macmillan Company.

